IN THIS NUMBER | HOW TO FIND YOUR AFFINITY

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THE NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT



EDITED BY
ELIZABETH TOWNE
·HOLYOKE·MASS·

DECEMBER
1908

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See Table Contents Page 5

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Nautilus News.

BY THE EDITORS.

SOMETHING NEW FOR YOU. We surmised that *Nautilus* readers would feel "sorter" lonesome when Grace MacGowan Cooke's splendid story was concluded. So we have bought for you a spick span brand new serial story, "The City of Perfection," by Caroline Wood Morrison. We paid what is, to a magazine like *Nautilus*, a large sum of money for this new story, and we know it is going to be a delight to all of you. The opening chapter will appear in our February number. It is one of those stories that grip the reader's attention, and hold it with almost breathless interest until the end is reached. And this story has such a deliciously happy ending! *"The City of Perfection"* is full of action and life, from the first words to the climax. And by the way, this climax is a most skillfully constructed word picture. It glows with life and dramatic action. It makes you feel like the climax to a well acted and powerful drama. "The City of Perfection" is odd—very—intensely absorbing and full of the unexpected. The author writes stories for such high class magazines as *Harper's, The Century*, etc. *"The City of Perfection"* was first accepted by *the Ladies' Home Journal*, but the publishers found it necessary to change materially the length of the chapters to meet their needs, and Mrs. Morrison recalled the manuscript. As a result *The Nautilus* has now secured this remarkable, unique story for its readers. Be sure to see the opening chapter in our February number.

"THE HABIT OF PRAISE." This is the title of an article by Adelaide Keen, a favorite contributor, which we shall publish in our January number —Providence and space permitting. Adelaide says that only savages and paupers condemn continually, and that angels praise. She will tell you how to be happy in her article. We didn't find room for Floyd B. Wilson's article on "The Individual" in this number, after all. But it will come soon. And we have an interesting article—in part a sort of character sketch—by F. Milton Willis, our new contributor, which we shall try to find room for in January number.

"MENTAL STORAGE. This will be the subject of Mr. Wattles' article in January *Nautilus*. Is the mind produced by the brain? Or does the mind shape the brain for its own purposes? These are some of the questions Mr. Wattles will consider in this article. He will review at length the theories of that great scientist, William Hanna Thompson, M. D., LL. D.

"MORNING FACES." This is an article telling one how to start right in the morning. The Sage of East Aurora has told us that if we can keep from making the fur fly and chewing nails until ten o'clock the rest of the day will take care of itself. This article will point out how to get a

(*Continued on page 2.*)



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In brief, "The Princess of Gan-Sar" is as interesting and instructive a story as has been written in a hundred years; brilliant, deep and fascinating.

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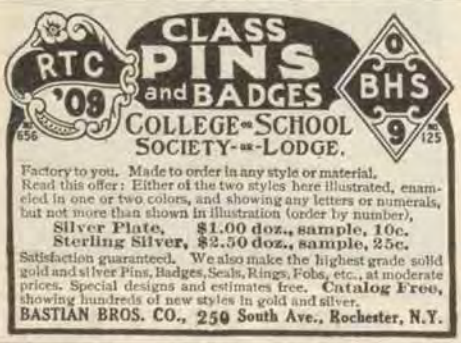
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(*Continued from first page.*)

good start. "Morning Faces" is slated for January *Nautilus*. We have a new poem from Edwin Markham, and expect a delightful "Meditation" from Mrs. Kingsley. I guess you'll want to read our January number. And I *know* you won't miss February *Nautilus* with the first chapter of our new story.

THAT PICTURE! A friend wrote me that she wanted to send me a recipe for her hair grower because she "noticed in my latest picture that my hair line is receding." I couldn't imagine what she meant, for my "hair line" is as clean cut as when I was sixteen—it hasn't receded a mite. And my hair is thicker and better than it has *ever* been in my grown-up life. Then I spied that square cut of a new photo of mine, in November advertising pages! Such a libel!—it is a freak of the electro-engraver's art or lack of art, nothing more nor less. A new engraver we tried, who sent no proof with the cut. Don't imagine my hair grows like that! I'd keep out of sight and print if it did, or wear a wig. Neither does the photo itself show any such a "hair line!" *Vale*, that engraver and his "art!"—forget it. The same photo appears in *Van Norden's* for November, without that freak "hair line."

PLEASE PARDON! We ran out of October *Nautilus* completely before October 1, so great was the call for them. Our hopes were less large than the reality! So all orders that came in after October 1 have been held up, waiting our returns from the news stands. Here they are and still not enough! There are a hundred or so to be filled after November 25. Then I hope everybody will be supplied and happy and will pardon our miscalculation and the clipped corner! Please. It is the only thing we could do under the circumstances, unless we cut out your October number altogether. We ran short on September number, too, and had to use news stand copies.

Of course we received your letters about this, but there were so many of them that we could not reply—we just affirmed *peace* and sent the *Nautilus* numbers soon as possible! If *yours* doesn't arrive by December 4 drop us another line and forgive us. And we will fill the order over again *quick*.

A POPULAR CHRISTMAS OFFER. During the Christmas season last year we offered three subscriptions to *Nautilus* for only $2.00. We will repeat the offer this year. *At least two of each three subscribers sent in on this offer must be new to our list.* Can you conceive of a nicer gift for friends you think would be interested in the magazine than a year's subscription to *Nautilus?*

And we will notify your friends to expect the magazine a year as a gift from you—unless you ask us not to.

This offer is good until January 1, 1909.

Please *don't* miss our Merry Christmas offer on page 64, and our special cash prize offer on page 62. I hope you will *all* take advantage of the latter offer. It costs nothing.

And note the clubbing offers on page 77!



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THE NAUTILUS.

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THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, WILLIAM E. TOWNE } **Editors**

Edwin Markham
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Florence Morse Kingsley
Grace MacGowan Cooke
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Karl von Wiegand
Eleanor Kirk
Wallace D. Wattles
Ella Adelia Fletcher
W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

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MRS. MORRISON.

THE NAUTILUS

For 1909

A FORECAST BY THE EDITOR



MR. WILLIS.

Among the special subjects to be elucidated in *The Nautilus* for 1909 will be the following:

NEW THOUGHT MADE PLAIN—NEW THOUGHT IN MATTERS MARITAL—NEW THOUGHT IN HOME AND SCHOOL—NEW THOUGHT IN POLITICS AND CIVICS—NEW THOUGHT IN BUSINESS—NEW THOUGHT IN CHURCH AND STATE—NEW THOUGHT INDIVIDUAL AND COSMIC—NEW THOUGHT HISTORICAL AND PROPHETIC—NEW THOUGHT LIGHT ON DAILY PATHS—NEW THOUGHT PATHS TO POWER—HOW TO HOPE AND HELP—HOW TO HEAL SELF AND OTHERS--NEW THOUGHT ABROAD.

Above are the titles of some of the articles and editorials by ELIZABETH TOWNE that will appear in NAUTILUS *for 1909. In addition will appear the editor's comment and commendation on all manner of topics suggested by current news happenings and personal problem letters that may reach the editorial sanctum. With maybe a bit of a critique now and then. Many just-how items. And once in a while a smile, grin, giggle or jig by way of spice.*

NEW THOUGHT BY THE MAN OF THE HOUSE: Among the special subjects treated by William E. Towne will be "How to Grow Strong, Mentally and Physically," "Why Co-operation Fails in Practice," "Inner Quiet," and "The Use of the Emotions." In addition will appear other articles and "Briefs," inspired by all sorts of current happenings in new thought, the NAUTILUS realm and the world at large.

MASTER KEYS OF POWER.—*1, Self-Knowledge. 2, Self-Reverence. 3, Self-Control. 4, Self-Effacement. 5, Non-Attachment. 6, Non-Interference. 7, Non-Differentiation. 8, Comprehension. 9, Love, the Fulfilling of the Law.*

This series of 9 concise and practical just-how articles was written for us by W. R. C. LATSON, M. D., whose articles on "How to Concentrate," etc., aroused so much enthusiasm this past year.

MIND: WHAT IS IT?

1, Life and Organisms. 2, Beginning to Think. 3, Mental Storage. 4, Curing Bad Habits. 5, Habits and Self-Culture.

This series by WALLACE D. WATTLES will be completed in March, after which we shall have another stirring and original series from Mr. Wattles, on a new line.

A SERIAL STORY:—

"The City of Perfection," a most fascinating and suggestive story, almost weird, that brings into strong relief and illustration the principles of perfection and perfectibility. A story for husband, wife, parents; present or prospective. This serial was written by CAROLINE WOOD MORRISON, and accepted first by *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Mr. Bok found the instalments awkward for that journal and requested Mrs. Morrison to rearrange it. Instead, she traded Mr. Bok another story for *Ladies' Home Journal,* and through Grace MacGowan Cooke's kindly help we were enabled to secure "The City of Perfection" for our magazine. The story will begin in February number, "The Way Out," to be completed in January. *Don't miss it.*

SCIENCE—PSYCHOLOGY, RESEARCH, TRAVEL, SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, ASTRONOMY:

Twelve articles by PROF. EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN, director of Lowe Observatory and scientific editor extraordinary to THE NAUTILUS.

THE ORIENTAL RELIGIONS AND WHAT THEY CAN TEACH US.—*Brahminism—Its Scope and Meaning—Modern Science and Brahminism—The Cosmogony of Brahminism—The Unity of Brahminism and Christianity—What is Buddhism?—Japanese Buddhism—Christ, the Practical Philosopher—The Way of the Tao—Practical Yogiism—Rajah Yogi: Freedom Through Self-Discipline—Karma Yogi: Freedom Through Experience—Bakti Yogi: Freedom Through Loving—Hatha Yogi: Freedom Through Correction of One's Errors.*

This series is written by a SWAMI thoroughly versed in oriental and occidental occultism. He has a good American name known to more than a million students. In due time you shall hear it. The series is lucid, concise, complete.

COSMO-VOYANCE:—

A new name conjured by the author to cover the development and phenomena of cosmic consciousness.

Articles on the above line and ot. ers by JULIA SETON SEARS, M. D., head of the New Thought Church and School, New York.

FOR THE STUDENT OF NEW THOUGHT PRACTICE AND PHILOSOPHY:

In addition to the special series mentioned above will appear special articles by Karl von Wiegand, Henry Wood, Floyd B. Wilson, B. Fay

Mills, Adelaide Keen, Katherine Quinn, Ellen Price, Paul Tyner, J. W. Payne, William Hamby, Lanette Foster, Harriet W. Lynch, Samuel S. Wallian, M. D., Florence Willard Day, and others.

LITTLE LESSONS IN NEW THOUGHT:

"Who are you?"—"Good or Bad—Which?"—"Hard Knocks" and other bright little story-articles by Jessie L. Bronson.

NEW THOUGHT IN CLASSIC LITERATURE:

"The Fires Unquenchable" and other articles that will delight the new thought litterateur, by S. BLANSHARD.

NEW VIEWS ON MANY SUBJECTS:

The author is F. MILTON WILLIS, a native San Franciscan University of California man, author of "The City of Is and Other Poems," and of the new play, "The Man of the Hour!" that is making such a hit in Minneapolis; successful business man, student of higher occultism and earnest student of "a reasonable theory of life." Teaches by artful implication. Some of Mr. Willis' subjects, all treated briefly, are: "Annexing the Mountain," "A Friend," "Marriage," "The Dynamism of the Goal," "Automatism and Mastership," "Concentration," "Constraint versus Freedom," and "Genius not to be Wholly Grasped." Two short poems of his will appear, "Fate" and "The Woman of Power."

ECONOMICS, RAW FOODS, FASTING, LIFE PROBLEMS AND HOW TO SOLVE THEM.

Edgar Wallace Conable has sold us his *Path Finder* and will henceforth find paths for his readers and ours through the medium of our pages. Judge Conable once adjourned court in Colorado and came all the way to Colorado Springs for a ten-minute visit with me on the back steps of a Pullman car. So I've always had a warm place in my heart for him. You will like him too. He will write honestly and intelligently *and* forcefully on all sorts of subjects from economics and politics to household affairs, raw food diet, fasting, exercise and family difficulties. He and Louise, his wife, are learning by doing, and Edgar Wallace's comments on anything are enlightening as well as sometimes amusing.

SHORT PARABLES AND PREACHMENTS GRAVE AND GAY:

These are contributed by Bolton Hall, Josephine Day Nye, Maglyn Dupree, Milton Willis, Edgar L. Vincent and others.

SPECIAL FOR THE LOVER OF GOOD VERSE:

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and *Edwin Markham* will continue to be *Nautilus* poets laureate. Twelve new poems from these greatest American poets will appear in 1909 *Nautilus*. In addition will appear many other *exceptional* poems by the Marchesa Alli-Maccarani, Susie M. Best, Florens Folsom, Louise Liddell. Emma Belle Miles, Katherine Quinn, John Seymour Stone, Sheldon Clark, Catherine Cronin and many others. Unusually good verse, some grave, some gay, all new thoughty, the forty or so best we winnowed out of about 2,500 poems submitted.

SPECIAL FOR THE FORMALISTS AND LITERATI OF NEW THOUGHT: Twelve new "Meditations," by *Florence Morse Kingsley*, written expressly for *Nautilus* readers.

SPECIAL FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN PSYCHIC RESEARCH:

Mme. Aida de Nile, one of the most marvellous psychics in the world, will keep our readers advised on latest developments in this line. We are in touch with the London and American societies for psychical research, and our readers will receive promptly news of all latest discoveries and conclusions on these lines. Only the latest in this field is worth while, and our readers will get it.

SPECIAL FOR THE STUDENT OF DIETITICS:

"Mental Medicine and the Chemistry of Life," by E. R. Hough; articles on Fishing, Exercise, Raw Food Dietary with Personal Experiences, by Edgar Wallace Conable; Editorials, by Elizabeth Towne and William Towne.

SPECIAL FOR MUSICIANS: "A Song of Life," by Lina E. George; "Directions for Student and Professional," "How to Practise," "How to Overcome Stage Fright," by the editor.

SPECIAL FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS:

"All is Good," by Rose Woodallen Chapman; "A Fourth Birthday Anniversary," by Cora B. Bickford.

SPECIAL FOR THE BUSINESS MAN: Including women and youths: A special department on "Things That Make for Success," with worth-while letters from many sources. Cash and other prizes for best letters. Everybody welcome. Also there will be many editorials, teaching from experience the true principles and practice of business.

SPECIAL FOR EVERYBODY:

The department of "Little Visits" which has been such an interesting clearing house for ideas in 1908 *Nautilus* will be continued. Open to all readers, topics unrestricted.

SPECIAL FOR THOSE WHO SMILE:

We have an envelope full of new jollies, and chestnuts revamped so you wouldn't know 'em as descendants of the original half dozen jokes that live forever. These were written by Louise Liddell, Trissotin, Maglyn Dupree, and others, some prose, some in rhyme, some new thoughty, some not quite, all jolly. You will find them in odd corners of 1909 *Nautilus*.

IN ADDITION:

There will be several other special departments in *Nautilus*, "Whole-World Healing," "The Way the Wind Blows," "Anent Books." Also such new matter of value as may come to our attention.

NOW!

Is there anything else you would like to have in our magazine? If so let us know and we will try to supply it! Now may we have your subscription? And your friends, please! *Nautilus* is $1.00 a year. Yours for All Good,

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

TEN MASTERPIECES



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The Great Stone Face
by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Hawthorne is without a peer as the writer of short stories with a moral. THE GREAT STONE FACE is his masterpiece and illustrates in most fascinating fiction how every person invariably grows into the likeness of that which he thinks of the most; and proves conclusively the great law that any person can, through the power of his thought, develop a noble character, a strong personality and a brilliant mind. This story is not only entertaining and instructive to a high degree, but is a great inspiration to those who are trying to change themselves and the world in which they live.

Poise and Power
by C. D. Larson.

A very practical book with many definite and specific instructions on how to prevent the energy of the system from being wasted. Filled with methods that will enable anyone to remarkably increase the power of mind and body. The fact that the average person wastes fully three-fourths of the energy generated in his system, and the fact that all this waste can be prevented by reading this book, makes it a work of incomparable value.

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Murad the Unlucky
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A masterly story of the lives of two men. One was called lucky by everybody and met good luck at every turn, finally rising to a very high position. The other was called unlucky by everybody and had nothing but bad luck and trouble all his life. This story illustrates in a practical, interesting and forceful manner how the character, the minds, the lives and the destinies of people are influenced by suggestion. Should be read by every parent and teacher in the world, and by all others who are building for greater things.

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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY, One Dollar a Year. | DECEMBER, 1908. | VOL XI No. 2

EDITORIALS
BY ELIZABETH

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

—Scott

THE CURRENT OF LIFE. The current of life, love, joy, sets *outward,* from the invisible into the visible. Life, love, joy, are the invisible One.

When a man lives *with* his life current he is undisturbed by any portion of his outward environment. His thought flows lovingly out upon all things, and behold, all things show forth beauty and wisdom.

But, as a rule, man tries to live *against* the stream. He thinks all the things of his visible world should give to him. He tries to reverse the current of life and live from without inward.

Never does joy come from outward things.

It is the giving out of the love-life current which causes the sensations of pleasure and joy. The more man gives out the greater his joy.

Man is a battery, charged to overflowing with love-force. When an outward person or thing makes a connection with him this Love-force immediately leaps out and charges the new "wire"—exactly as electricity leaps from the battery into and through the wire when a connection is made.

This out-moving of the love-force is what gives sensations of pleasure.

No matter how full a man-battery may be of love-force, he only *enjoys* what *goes out* from him. *What remains within gives him no sensation.*

"The stimuli of environment" are simply the points of contact through which the man-battery may give out his electric energy and gain thereby, joy.

In a state of conscious all-goodness man will respond naturally, freely, to all things outside himself, and so live in a state of what to us now is ecstasy.

ALL HAIL! All hail to Big Bill Taft! May he more than fulfill the highest hopes of America's best friends.

With a new breadth or two added and maybe a flounce Teddy's mantel will fit him to a T. And Taft is competent and willing to do the altering and adding.

And he will do it. He will advance the interests of the whole people *a little farther than Congress will stand for;* (it may have to sit down to some of Taft's policies), and farther than any other man could do with the probable exception of Theodore Roosevelt. The democrats will say he is adopting their policies; the socialists will catch glimpses of socialism coming in by the Republican door; the disgruntled will still grunt.



This is prophecy. Face me with it four years hence and let's see.

I prophesied that Taft would be elected, and elected by a majority nearly as large as Roosevelt's in 1904. "Conditions all pointed our way," said a democrat. He judged by conditions. I judged by faith. Faith *in the people's faith* in "Roosevelt and his policies."

Roosevelt has *proved* more will and power for right than any other public man; why shouldn't they give weight to his judgment as to the best man to carry on the work he began?

Can you give any good reason why the American people should prefer in its chief executive the politeness of non-committalment, instead of an honest expression of best judgment in the matter of a successor? Why *shouldn't* we have his best judgment and help in *all* matters?

Precedent? Rot! How many voters would Chester A. Arthur's endorsement have brought any prospective successor? None, because the people had no faith in *him;* he proved nothing, his word weighed nothing.

The democrats think it was "the machine" that elected Taft. It wasn't. It was *the people.* Roosevelt turned on the limelight and the people are seeing public men as they are. Never again will the machine rule—either machine. Publicity!—and a majority of the people coming "from Missouri!" We are getting onto our job.

I am *sorry* for William J. Bryan. Here's balm to him and his, and may he more than realize the busy and happy future he affirmed for himself in case he lost. And may he have the consolation of knowing that he has *helped* educate the people to stand for—*socialism.* Not party socialism, but the true social co-operation for everybody's welfare, that is already leavening us.

THE WINNER OF THE MARATHON.

In *Cosmopolitan* for December appears an interesting story of "How I Won the Marathon Race," by John J. Hayes, the plucky little five foot four, twenty-years-old boy who did it—in spite of everybody's prophecies that he never could because his lungs were not big enough nor his legs long enough. He ran twenty-six and one-half miles and won.

"After all," says John Hayes, "it is grit, courage, determination and pluck, call it what you will that wins a Marathon race. *It is the mind and brain* that drives you on, even after your feet become numb and your legs no longer tell you whether they are moving regularly or not, except as you look down upon them or place your hands at your sides to find that they are still carrying you forward with the same clocklike stride with which you set out."

He looks it—he has the long pointed, aggressive jaw bone of a winner, and the pointed nose of a greyhound.

In his story John Hayes makes some very suggestive remarks about tobacco, diet and rest, which I reprint here for our readers:

> Two days before the race, in order to be perfectly rested, I went to bed and practically stayed there until a short time before it was necessary to start. I do not think I ever was in better condition. I finished strong, and with the exception of the customary blisters on my toes, which come with every race of this distance, and a lameness of the muscles I was in better condition after the finish of the Marathon race in London than after the finish of the seven races which I had run in this country in the last two years.



So far as diet and similar conditions are concerned, one thing is essential; abstinence from tobacco in any form. No long-distance runner can smoke either cigars or cigarettes and run. Smoking affects his lungs and heart, and the more he runs the less he will care for it. I suggest running as a certain cure for the tobacco habit to any one who wishes to break himself of it.

I think that almost any food that a man desires and which does not disagree with him is safe as a training food. I mean, of course, the food-stuffs that are recognized as standards. For instance, many experts prohibit absolutely potatoes and similar starchy foods. I have eaten potatoes all my life; they are the staple Irish food, and as a rule Irishmen are among the best long-distance runners. However, for a week before a Marathon race I limit myself to a rigorous diet. For about a week before the Olympic race Mr. Murphy, our trainer, limited us to broiled steaks, chops, tea, and toast. For me this diet became very monotonous, but the results achieved by the Americans justified entirely the rigorous program enforced by Mr. Murphy.

In the preliminary training, when working hard and running for long distances, I drink milk in considerable quantities and with my meals in place of coffee. Milk is hard to digest, however, and should be discarded for tea during the week preceding a race, in order to relieve the digestive organs, as well as the nerves and muscles. For the preliminary work I believe milk is the best food to be had. It will sustain one better in any contest requiring unusual endurance, and replaces more readily the tissues destroyed in a long-distance race. The difficulties of its digestion are therefore offset by the general benefits obtained.

GAY GOTHAM. William and I have been spending nine days in New York City in a whirl of business and pleasure. Uptown, downtown and around town we whisked, through subways, over "els," by trolley, taxicabs, automobiles, carriages and—horse-cars. Not to mention "shank's horses." And elevators. And chasing up and down stairs.

I know why small hips and full chest are the style in New York, they are unavoidable! Only the effetest of the rich can ride enough to keep fat. Everybody else has to rush up and down stairs to subs and els, besides walking endless blocks to stations. Eliminates fat, develops muscle and wind! Not to mention agility and mental awareness!

And with all our flying around we didn't see all the people or places we planned to. We'll go again!

We saw between us five plays, the hippodrome, four vaudevilles, attended a club dinner, an artist's reception, several dinners with friends, visited all the shops, the American News Company, Baker Taylor Company, the New Thought Church at Carnegie Hall, and did a few other things. It was very exciting and great fun.

And we saw new thought cropping out everywhere.

"PAID IN FULL." There were the plays: First we went to "Paid in Full," at Weber's, with Walter Perkins, the comedian, who is an old friend of *The Nautilus* and told us lots of interesting things about plays and people. "Paid in Full" shows most artistically the effects of *grouch* on the constitution and action of the man who entertains it—he gets "paid in full" alright, and finds himself—*in hell*—all alone. There is a good company on the road with this play—see it if it comes your way. The New York company is well chosen, well dressed and the play beautifully staged. Every character was *well* portrayed. One of the minor parts was played by a girl I knew away out in Mt. Tabor, Ore. Oza Waldrop was her real name and she uses it as her stage name. She is a pretty little thing, and apt. She might have been ranked a genius, with good training. But her father, a Baptist preacher, had a notion that genius needed no teaching or train-



ing, so his four children, geniuses-in-embryo were left in embryo—where they still remain. Oza ran off and was married before she was sixteen, and they say she has been married twice since. All because she "done growed" like Topsy, unpruned, untaught. But here she is in New York, the theatrical heaven. May she grow, and be happy and successful.

FROM KOKOMO. Another fine play with plenty of laughs, human nature and quiet suggestion is "The Man from Home," with William Hodge in the title role. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson are the authors, and the play sounds exactly like the former. There is a *healthy* humor about Tarkington's situations that fully satisfies and teaches, without ever *preaching*. "The Man From Home" is a young lawyer from Kokomo who goes to look after his young lady ward who has written that she desires to pay $750,000 "dot" to marry a son of the Earl of Hawcastle. She and her brother have been educated abroad and coached a year by a Lady Creech. The Earl turns out to be a thief and home-despoiler with no money. The way the man from Kokomo drawls out his views and reasons, and the contrasts with the Earl's point of view, make the play most amusing and convincing. The situations convince the girl and her brother that life is more than aristocratic lineage, and the girl sings "Sweet Genevieve" for the "Man from Home," and they all three sail by next steamer. The play brings out plainly the true values in life, by clear contrast with false standards.

"THE DEVIL." The play that makes the greatest stir in New York just now is "The Devil." Two companies are playing it. We saw Edwin Stevens as the devil, at the Garden theater, in Oliver Herford's adaptation. The play can be bought in paper book for fifty cents. If you can't see the play read the book, if you want to know exactly how temptation makes its way from suggestion to finished act.

As a psychological study this play is great, and true to life. Steven's devil was devilish to the limit, even unto sardonic humor. All the parts were well acted, the play well set, and the gowns simply ravishing. I don't wonder the artist fell! The amethyst velvet gown and hat were irresistible!—and she knew it—and meant it.

LOUIS MANN. We saw Louis Mann in his new play "The Man Who Stood Still," at the Circle theater. He is always simply *killing*, even when he tries to be otherwise. He was recalled vociferously and often.

The play is good and shows the ill effects of *setness* in dealing with one's offspring. It takes four years of trouble, broken hearts, an illegitimate grandchild and friendly intrigues to convince old Krauss that he can't marry his daughter off without her consent, or keep the town buying back-number cheap jewelry. And he isn't convinced then!—only broken. But *everybody* turns out good in the end, and even the villain didn't mean to. Here's progress to "The Man Who Stood Still."

"Life passes through us, we do not possess it."—Amiel.



"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE." And "The Servant in the House." Everybody we heard of said it was fine—even better than "The Witching Hour," said some. But we were disappointed in it. It can't be compared artistically with "The Witching Hour" or "The Road to Yesterday." The points are not clearly brought out in the text or acting and the character of the Bishop of Benares who turns servant is stilted, unnatural, mechanical, overdrawn or underdone—I don't know just which.

He is supposed to represent the spirit of love and is made up to look like Christ. His expression is anything but love or peace. It looks more like delirium tremens or Dante's Inferno or something.

The whole character and its actions remind me of the old orthodox conception of Jesus as a god who stood around and posed between miracles, until the proper hour came for the crucifixion. There is nothing relevant or *adequate* in the character of the servant in this play. The play didn't *grow;* it was *constructed* out of certain ill-adapted material. So it seems to me. The servant was a poor and inattentive servant, in nature a Pharisee, a prig and a poseur. A long way from my conception of what Christ would be and do in such a place.

The idea of the play is a good one, with great possibilities, but the author spoiled it by making the bishop-servant a poor imitation of a misconceived Christ.

The main lesson in the play lies in the unhappiness wrought in her family by a loving but over-ambitious woman. The servant is supposed to convert everybody to right thought, but there is no adequate connection shown between him and the several changes of heart. He merely poses around with that delirium tremens expression on his face. If he is supposed to convert folks by silent treatment there is not a line in the play to indicate it. Once he tells the little girl to wish hard and she will get what she wants.

But the vogue this play has had shows it satisfies many. It is certainly suggestive, and the interest in it and all these other plays on new lines shows the wide-spread and deep interest of the public at large in anything that even borders on the new thought of *practical* religion. .

It was William who saw the four vaudeville shows—while I shopped and tried on things! Of course he hunted up Eva Tanguay first of all. She is, or was, a Holyoke girl, and she does a unique Salome of her own. But William didn't think much of the dance. She has a new encore song all about how as long as she has her good health nothing bothers her. Sung in the usual Tanguay whirl wind.

THE HUNGRY CLUB. One of our delightful experiences in New York was a dinner at the Hungry Club, at the invitation of Mrs. V. R. Humphrey. We sat next to the president and were introduced as guests of honor. There were a hundred people there, and the dinner was followed by a delightful program given by prominent theatrical people and others.

This club and its founder, prime mover and pervading spirit, Miss Mattie Sheridan are shining examples of the power of mind over matter—without



ever leaving the matter out, or neglecting it.

The Hungry Club started all of its own accord two years ago this last summer, with Mattie Sheridan and three others as charter members. It was hot that Saturday evening, and after a busy day little Mattie Sheridan sought the coolest corner of the least sweltering cafe in New York wherein to enjoy her dinner. The three others just happened along and they all sat down at one table. Wherever Mattie Sheridan is there are always others happening along for she is a bubbling spring of life, love, wisdom and wit. No splendid big man is more alive or attractive than this little mite of a woman with infirmities enough to crush almost any man into bitterness and stupidity and hate. Mattie Sheridan is one of the seven wonders of Gotham, and an artist at making the best of things and people including herself. She is friends with more worth-while folks than anybody else I know of, and receives the honors and attentions of a queen. And she is interested in everybody.

For a year or so she published the prettiest, breeziest little magazine, called *Men and Women,* in which she gossiped most entertainingly and *kindly* about everybody. It was through this little magazine that I first came to know Mattie Sheridan. It was a success right from the start, and the last edition was 25,000 copies. But ill health compelled "Miss Mattie," as she is called, to discontinue publishing it. "But," Miss Mattie confided to William, "it was a great comfort to know it died *in such a healthy condition!*"

But to resume, that dinner at the cafe two years ago. The four friends condoled with each other for having to stay in New York such hot weather, and Miss Mattie proposed they dine together again the following Saturday night. "Let's call us the *Hungry Club,*" laughed Mattie Sheridan, "and meet *every* Saturday for dinner!" Everybody voted yes. And each paid for his own dinner.

The next Saturday evening three other friends happened along and joined them.

That was the beginning and the manner of growth of the Hungry Club. Every Saturday night the club meets and dines at the Hotel Flanders, each paying $1.25 for his dinner. If you happen to be a friend of a member you are invited as company, and if you say please pretty and pay $2.00 a year dues you can join and come to dinner any or every Saturday eve, Dutchman's treat. There are no laws or by-laws. You can think what you like and stay as long as you are happy. If you don't fit you will soon drop out; if you *do* fit you get the habit. That's all.

They took in eight new members the night we were there, and the last one brought the membership up to three hundred. Chauncey Depew is a member, and ever so many other notables and notables-to-be, including writers, musicians,artists,actors, politicians, business men and women, a few society folk, and here and there a crank; and many of them new thoughters or Christian Scientists. Bohemian? Maybe. But the women don't smoke and nobody throws bread crusts, shouts or puts his feet on the table or eats with his knife. The average attendance at a dinner is seventy-five to a hundred, and they are all well bred,

well dressed and bright enough to make a speech or sing a song or do some other stunt by way of entertainment.

The life and the bond of the Hungry Club is the Law of Attraction. Why can't we have more such occultly-organized clubs, where folks are free to go, come, talk or meditate, eat or fast at will—Dutchman's treat. Perhaps for lack of more Miss Matties to incarnate the Law of Attraction!

NEW THOUGHT IN NEW YORK.

We went to see the New Thought church and school in Carnegie Hall, New York. The general of this school is Julia Seton Sears, M. D., and the lieutenants are her husband, Frank W. Sears and their tall son. A new assistant is Mrs. Norton, converted from Christian Science. They are all strong, capable looking folks very much alive as well as kindly, and their work reflects them.

Dr. Sears started this New York center as a school of new thought, coming from Boston only two years or so ago. Soon the school developed into a church, and now the church is outgrowing its quarters and clamoring for more room. Dr. Sears proposes to advertise for a church building to house them. I think she will get what they want—the whole management seems to get anything it goes for.

This center has associated centers in Brooklyn—where they have rented a real church building—in Boston, Buffalo, Brockton, Hempstead, Salem and Cleveland. (Now don't ask me for addresses—I don't know. Ask Dr. Sears! And don't forget to enclose stamp for reply.)

And Dr. Sears is dreaming of a really representative new thought Chautauqua! One with a broad enough platform for everybody to stand on, and visit on, and work on. She thinks the time is ripe. And her dreams have a way of coming true! I wonder.

Dr. Sears' idea is to have representatives from *every* new thought center in the country meet annually or oftener at some central point, for friendly conference and educational advantage. All work to be based upon lines where all advanced thought people agree, leaving in the background all points of difference and uniting in helping along any good movement that appears. Such a conference would surely prove inspiring and unifying.

I wonder if such a thing could be started and grown spontaneously after the style of the Hungry Club! That Hungry Club strikes me as a really new thought "organization"—a live thing that holds together and grows because it is alive, not because it is bound around by creeds and laws and personal exactions and duties.

Josephine Day Nye, tall, handsome sister of the famous Bill, thinks there is room for a new thought club in New York. Isn't there a new thought "Miss Mattie" to start it? And might not such a club become the nucleus for the sort of spontaneous new thought conference Dr. Sears dreams of? Who is big enough with time enough to lose himself or herself in a new thought cosmic work? Or *must* we all grind axes?

A GREAT PORTRAIT PAINTER.

One of the interesting events of our visit to New York was a reception given at his studio by Edmund Russell, the famous portrait painter. The studio itself is Art Incarnate, with unique treasures from all over the world.

The main studio, where Mr. Russell does his work, is furnished as a rich and quaint setting for some of his own large paintings. At one end hangs a life size portrait of a Russian grand duke, who looks like the pictures of Prince Henry of Battenburg. Opposite the entrance glows Lina Cavalliera against a golden mist. Through a doorway one sees the magnificent great painting of Catherine of Russia for which Mildred Holland posed. In all these portraits Edmund Russell reverses the usual order and paints his faces with a soft light behind

them. This gives to the face a glorified look of life. The halo seen in old portraits gave much the same effect.

A second room in Edmund Russell's studio is lined with paintings and other works of art that have been given him by famous artists. These include a large, misty looking portrait by Mucha. The atmosphere and furnishing of the entire studio is distinctly oriental, and to enhance the effect Mr. Russell's Hindoo hand-maiden in oriental dress dispenses tea and cake and a turbaned Hindoo boy thrums a tom tom or something and chants monotonously.

Mr. Russell was cut stocky for a fighter, afterwards refined and bleached into an artist. His son, who may be anywhere between twenty and thirty-five years old is a slender de luxe edition of his father with a foreign art education and a turn for business.

GOTHAM'S NEW GOD. New York is changing gods. Mammon and Teddy Bears are passé; enter "Billiken."

Billiken is a little red-headed ivory-finished figure four inches high who sits on a throne like this—



and grins a grin that sets you giggling.

He is the little new "God of Things As They Ought To Be" and is said to be

A Sure Cure For

The Blues
The Grouch
The Hoodoo Germ
That Solemn Feeling
Hard-Luck Melancholia
The Down-and-Out Bacillus

DOSE: One Smile Every Ten Minutes.

Along with Billiken comes this little poem:

I am the God of Happiness,
I simply make you smile;
I prove that life's worth living
And that everything's worth while;
I force the failure to his feet
And make the growler grin,
I am the God of Happiness,
My name is Billiken.

I am the God of Luckiness,
Observe my twinkling eye—
Success is sure to follow those
Who keep me closely by;
I make men fat and healthy
Who were quarrelsome and thin;
I am the God of Luckiness,
My name is Billiken.

Billiken is made by the Craftsman's Guild, of Chicago, and here is their announcement concerning him:

This is Billiken, the God of Luck, the funniest little heathen that man ever idolized. He sits on his throne and grins at you all day long. The more you look at him the more you laugh. You can't have a grouch, can't keep the blues, can't mope, or sulk, or gnash about, with such an imp before you.

Billiken is the craze of the hour. His cult is spreading all over America.

His worshipers are increasing every minute. He is a maker of happiness, a chaser of frowns. You *must* smile back at him. When you smile you are *bound* to feel in a *good humor.* When you are in a *good humor* everything seems *brighter;* you work with a better vim; you see the hopeful sides of things instead of the worst. He throws a spell over you that has the same effect as mental healing. You feel that you can *do anything*—and back of all *achievement* lies *confidence.* That is why Billiken brings *luck.*

It is not promised that he accomplishes *miracles,* but none the less the country is ringing with stories of men and women who *claim* that Billiken has turned the tide for them and opened the way to wonderful strokes of fortune.

Billiken is not sold. That would break his *spell.* He is *loaned* to you for 100 years, at the rate of one penny a year, paid in advance.

Billiken is the rage in New York and Teddy Bear's nose is out of joint. In fact I saw Teddy Bear turning a grindstone in a shop window. No grindstones for Billiken—he sits in state in shop windows and on private mantels and tables everywhere, inviting you to "tickle his toes and see him grin," while he treats you for health, happiness and success!

Of a truth Billiken is a new god worth cultivating. The supreme proof of this is a show window full of imitations of him, that I saw on West Twenty-third street.

He is a real new thought god, isn't he? Far and wide may he radiate!



Only Be Still

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Only be still, and in the silence grow
If thou art seeking what the gods bestow.
This is the simple, safe, and certain way
That leads to knowledge for which all men pray,
Of higher laws to govern things below.

But in our restless discontent, we go
With noisy importunings, day by day;
And drown the inner voice, that strives to say—
Only be still, and in the silence grow.

We doubt, we cavil, and we talk of wo:
We delve in books, and waste our forces so;
We cling to creeds that were not meant to stay,
And shut our souls to truth's immortal ray.
Oh would'st thou see, and understand, and know?
Only be still and in the silence grow.

Written for The Nautilus.

Let Us Make Man.

By Karl H. von Wiegand.



*And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. * * * So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.*—Genesis.

All the works of man are the visible expression of his thought. This manifestation of his creative power is an attribute of Deity—in itself an indication of the origin of man and the connection between the soul and spirit that is in him and the Being the expression of whose thought he is.

The works of man are a crystallization of his desires and the rendering of his thought into visible form and shape that he may be understood by his fellowman. When a man writes a book, composes a piece of music, paints a picture, manufactures, invents or in any manner produces a piece of work, he gives concrete expression in tangible shape and form to his thought and merely depicts or renders visible the plan, design or ideal born in his mind. It is the physical transmission of his thought. In his mind it is pictured and visible to himself but until clothed in material form, others cannot see it. Hence we say "out of the invisible comes the visible."

The Universe and all that is in it is the WORD made manifest. It is the visible expression of God's creative thought—a recourse to visible signs by the Supreme Being to communicate His thought to the beings which were separated from Him.

Man is a Universe within himself and in his physical body is a perfect epitome not only of the planet on which he lives, but of the entire Universe and its celestial bodies.

The ancient sages and philosophers, in order to penetrate the mysteries of God and the Universe, first sought to fathom the mysteries of man. The constitution of man and the human organism so complex, so intricate, so marvelously perfect in design, so harmonious one part with the other, became their architectural design upon which they constructed the Grand Man of the starry heavens.

In the last analysis reduced to finality, the human body is a cellule, atom or molecule, humanity might be termed an organism of which the family, tribe, state, and nation, grouped by the cells, form the different parts or members. This social organism inhabits the world which is reduced to a star—itself a mere molecule or nerve center of the vast Universe. Physically speaking we find that the cells grouped form an organ, the organs form the human apparatus, the various parts of the body the individual. Following the same law we find that man as a mere unit or cellule of humanity, forms the family, the family forms the tribe—county, the latter form the state, the states grouped make the nation, the nations constitute humanity—the whole.

We have then: Man, Family, Tribe, Nation, Humanity, World, Universe.

Continuing we find the satellites are ranged around the planets—planets around the suns form world systems and the latter constitute and make up the Universe—the One.

The life that circulates in the cell is the same force that vitalizes the entire body, the family, the tribe, the nation, humanity, the planet, the Universe. The law of the cell governs the star and from

the star to the Ineffable Center where dwells the Being of Beings, the Heart from which flows the primary force and current of life.

If the law that applies to the unit governs the whole then to understand the formation of the human body by its organs and parts is to understand the formation of worlds by planets and the Universe by world systems. To know the constitution of man is to know the constitution of the Universe and is to approach some conception of the One—the Ineffable Center of all that is visible and invisible.

Gaze into the empyrean depths and contemplate the scheme of creations and its myriads of worlds. Can you realize what an infinitesimal part of the vast Universe you are? Do you appreciate that you are less than one billionth part of humanity on this little planet—that this star is, for all science knows to the contrary, but a billionth part of the Universe?

Understanding your littleness can you realize and appreciate your greatness, the potentialities and vast possibilities within you? That you are a creator within a Universe of your own creation? Disease germinating in a single cell can destroy an organ of the physical organism—can spread to the entire body and destroy the life that is in it. The thought of a single mind more than once has changed the trend of the world—influenced and affected millions of human beings.

You are but a germ of humanity—a cellule of the social organism—an infinitesimal part of creation, but as such you are a potential God—a child of God after the image of whom you were created and endowed with powers out of all proportions to your apparent insignificance.

Placed at one end of the scale man is so small as to appear as insignificant as the veriest insect upon which we ruthlessly tread—as the orthodox theologian puts it, a mere "worm." Viewed through the other end of the glass man is a mighty Sun, radiating force and energy, life or death, disease or health. The sun is the ever-pulsating heart of the solar system through which passes the mighty current of vital force and life-giving energy that permeates and vitalizes every atom in nature just as the human heart sends forth the blood to the minutest cell in the body.

Once the mind grasps and understands that the visible Universe from man to the mightiest sun is composed of practically the same material elements in one form or another, it is not difficult to conceive that ONE SPIRIT permeates, directs and guides the whole and that the soul in man is a ray of the great Central Spiritual Sun of which the solar sun is a symbol.

The sun, moon and planets, including this earth, act and react upon each other. In like correspondence man is not only influenced but influences others, not only those immediately about him but through the medium of his thought, influences and is influenced by those at a distance from him.

The spectrum through the medium of the spectroscope has revealed to us the composition of the sun and other celestial bodies. Like the sun, man has a photosphere, an invisible, magnetic, astral atmosphere often termed the odyllic sphere, corresponding to the atmosphere surrounding the earth and other planets. This aura or atmosphere, visible to, or sensed by, the highly developed inner faculties, not only reflects the physical health and disease but the mental, moral, intellectual and spiritual condition of man. The sun does not hide his face from the earth but the earth with the clouds of its own atmosphere blots out the sun. In like manner God does not conceal himself from man but man turns

away from him and the atmosphere of his own life and thoughts is the veil that he draws between himself and his Creator.

The experiments of Professors Williams of England, Reichenbach of Germany, Gates of Washington, and Baraduc of France, have established as a scientific fact the claims of mystics and occultists from ancient times, so long scouted by modern scientists. First, that man is a radio-active being; second, that thought is a force.

If thought is a force it follows then that the vibrations emanating from millions of minds, colored by their life, aspirations and ideals, can crystallize into a terrible force and power for good or evil, downward or upward, according to the life led and quality of the thought. It is even claimed that this can affect the very life of the planet and is reflected in the atmosphere surrounding the earth in the disturbances of nature and of the elements.

The aura or odyllic sphere of man contains the key of his being. The combined vibrations or thought of a family make the note of that group. The notes of the families make the key of the state, that of the states merges into the keynote of a nation, the vibrations of all nations combined become the dominant note or key of humanity and in turn is the vibratory note of the earth sent forth into space to other planets. You can now understand that if the keynote of your life and thought is discordant, you disturb the vibratory note of your family and others about you, many such cause a jarring note in the state which in turn affects that of the nation.

The neutralizing and counter-balancing principle is spiritual force as radiated by the life and thoughts of those who lead an unselfish life and whose deeds and thoughts are good and spiritual, helpful and uplifting. That good or spiritual force is proportionately a far more powerful agency than evil is illustrated in the biblical story of the fall of Sodom and Gomorrah. Five good and spiritual men in those two cities would have averted the destruction. In other words, the vibrations emanating from the minds of five spiritual men would have sufficiently neutralized and counterbalanced the evil that was being radiated by the thousands that no doubt populated these two cities.

Therefore, understand your greatness and potentiality, appreciate your opportunities and realize your responsibilities to yourself, to humanity which you are powerful enough to hold back in the upward trend, and to your creator.

Think good, be good, do good and not only the world but the Universe itself will be the better for your having lived.

How to find Your Affinity.

ADELAIDE KEEN.

"Did I not say ye are gods?" Yes, gods in the making, and we make ourselves. Your affinity is your mate, but unless you know the six types of happy married folks, on Olympus, up to date, you may miss yours. Jupiter, king of heaven, ruler of men, house and business, must marry Juno, the queenly woman, plump, domestic, wise as Minerva, yet loving as Venus. Venus should mate with Apollo, but, being fond of all men, and usually pretty, a Venus woman marries anyone, often several times. Marry and be petted and adored she must, or die. Minerva, on the contrary, can be happy only with Vulcan, a man her counterpart, wise, lofty, patient, a reformer, teacher and philosopher. Both

have contempt for frivolity and meanness and vice. Most all of the elderly single women in the world, especially those descendents from Puritan or Calvinistic stock, are single just because they are the Minerva type, and too wise to marry anyone but Vulcans. And Vulcan men, being the best of their sex, are scarce.

Jupiter and Juno contain the double traits of the two other couples, namely, the mind and soul qualities of the Vulcan and Minerva, and also the love of life and longing for love, petting, romance, and a fancy for good cooking and home comforts which distinguish Venus and her true mate, Apollo. This theory has little or nothing to do with astrology. At their best, all are good, and it behooves all to improve themselves, so as to live happily with the world and one another. Besides these six typical married couples are Mercury and Mars, men who are usually old bachelors, however; both types do marry, but are too inconstant to make good husbands. Mercury is such a flirt, Mars has a terrible temper. You must first analyse yourself, find your type and your mate and see where you both have been lacking. For instance, most married couples are really Juno and Jupiter, but Juno has neglected her charming side, (Venus, or love) and Jupiter has neglected to develop his wise and good side, (Vulcan) so here, is trouble. He lets his romantic, or Apollo side, rule, wanders after a woman who is all Venus, and lets his wife remain lonely and unhappy. When she scolds and nags, she shows her Minerva, or superior side, at its worst. Instead she should cultivate the cleverness, wit and patience of a true Minerva, developing also the graciousness and pretty ways of a fine Venus. Then, behold harmony! Jupiter rules in his home; both are happy. Haven't you seen these fatherly men, stern yet genial, yoked to a queenly, sweet wife, delighting in hospitality and a large family of children? This is Jupiter at his best. At his worst, with his lower nature ruling, he is a Turk or a Mormon.

Jupiter always rules women. The king of England is a Jupiter man, dignified and sensible with men, yet fond of good food and pretty women. Venus is the eternal coquette, Apollo, the lover. Minerva, is the mother, the teacher, reformer; Vulcan is exactly like her, in high aims. Jupiter is the typical husband, as Juno is the born wife, each combining traits. Juno is as loving and lovable as Venus, yet as wise and unselfish as Minerva. All the elopements and duels are caused by charming Venus, for a Venus is usually pretty. All the great movements for humanity are done by Minerva women. We hear little of Juno; she is domestic and quite happy cooking, sewing and ruling her kingdom. Lilith, Delilah, Herodias, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Messa, Klina, Catherine of Russia, Isabel of Spain, Mary Stuart, Du Barry, Pompadour, and the present Louise of Saxony, all are Venus women, busy in mischief, breaking hearts and making history. The Empress Eugenie is a Venus, but Queen Victoria, like the Empress of Germany, was a perfect Juno. Since the Prince Consort was a fine Jupiter man, great harmony resulted. The early martyrs, Joan of Arc, all the celebrated nuns of history, Madame de Stael, Madame Curie, Elizabeth Fry, Ann Fox, were Minervas. They are found among school teachers, suffragettes, anti-vivisectionists, slums workers, club women, fine women all, yet living a little too high in their ideals for the rest of the world. No men love them enough to marry them, except Vulcans, and when these two unite, the morning stars sing together,

for "their strength is the strength of ten, because their hearts are pure."

Robert Browning and his great wife were Vulcans and Minerva, Elbert Hubbard and Alice, are a modern example. These cases are true helpmates, but they care little for worldly riches, dress, style, good food, etc. Italy, Spain, France, especially Paris, South America, California and the South abound with Venus women, pretty, lazy, graceful, born to be ornamental. Minerva is born to be useful. How often we see both in one family, and just because Venus pities Minerva for her lack of beauty, and Minerva pities Venus for her lack of good sense, trouble arises. Minerva is usually thin, with honest blue or gray eyes; at her best, a tender, wise helper, reformer, for she must educate and emancipate. Venus, at her best, is sunny, lovable, fascinating. She attracts all men but Apollo with his own grace and beauty—for most Apollos are handsome—his talent for music, painting, acting, or sculpture, his great talent of love making, is her real mate. She alone can inspire and supplement him. Minerva does that for Vulcan, and Juno, for her mate, Jupiter. Divorces come to mis-mated couples, or those not balanced. To conquer your faults will fit you for harmony. Almost all of the fast women in the world are Venus women. Jupiter men, whose Juno wives have neglected their nails, hair curling and daily beauty baths, and only fret and nag, turn to the pretty Venus type, ready for pleasure. A few Juno women are found among these but scarcely any Minervas.

Supposing a Vulcan is attracted, when young, to a Venus. In a few years he sees only her vanity, and she sees only his tiresome goodness, or honesty, both are blied to each other's best side. They separate; he finds a Minerva, who can appreciate him and inspire him, she finds an Apollo, who adores her, lets her breakfast in bed, run up bills and gad about in fine clothes, as she loves to do. Result, great peace and joy to all four parties. Mars is a prize fighter and wife beater, among the poor; in higher worlds, a soldier, a sailor, policeman or fireman. Married to a Venus, with beauty and tact, he makes a good husband, but not for any other woman. Mercury is fickle, a great traveler, a drummer, gambler, really very inconstant. He is a fluent talker and shrewd at money matters. But almost all the merchant princes are Jupiter men. He loves good food and Juno, being a good cook, loves to make him comfortable. He is a fine father, just as she is a fine mother. She can get along with both Minerva and Venus, and often makes peace between friends of those types, when they "fall out." She partakes of the best traits of both, so understands both. But, as a rule, birds of a feather flock together, yet, too, Juno will go with Venus, just to study her pretty tricks of fascination, and consult with Minerva, when she needs advice on spiritual matters. How often you see Juno, worrying over housekeeping, saving money, losing her beauty, and her husband's love. She dies and he promptly marries a pretty Venus who scatters merrily, those hard-earned dollars, on dress and amusements. Juno could have done differently. She could have enjoyed herself and her blessings, kept herself pretty. As one wise Juno says, "My husbands sees the wrinkles on my face, not the dust on the furniture!" And she proceeds to take a nap, instead of working herself into the blues and bad temper. The ranks of Bohemia are filled with Venus women, chorus girls, or with Minerva women, artists and writers. Apollo men predominate, but many Mercurys are found, acrobats, billiard or baseball players, jockeys, gamblers and clever journalists. Juno women are found everywhere but they are utterly

miserable if they have not a home, husband, babies, the kingdom of love. They desire one man, whom they can look up to. Minerva will marry a man to reform him, and is a great martyr to duty. Venus asks for men, she cares not what they look like but she prefers rich ones, for all the things she wants, autos, clothes, theaters, travel, cost money. It is Venus who never stays a widow, who marcels her hair and knows the very latest style. If a perfect marriage prepares us for heaven, by giving us a taste of it, in advance, we should all carefully perfect ourselves, and select our mates, so as to get ready for the millenium.

The Law of Love.

In my wild youth I sought the shrine of Love.
With sighs and tears and sore distress,
I prayed her to be mine, and me above
All else to serve and bless.
But Love sat blind and deaf, with a slow smile,
Whose meaning left me more perplexed
Than some sad painter who has dreamed long while,
O'er Monna Lisa's vexed.

When years had made me learned in heart-lore,
And touched my soul with warmth divine,
And it was noon of life, I came once more
Unto that ancient shrine.
But prayed another prayer. The helpless throngs
Who tread all day the weary street,
Cried out to me to right their weighty wrongs,
And guide their stumbling feet.

"Let me be consecrate to thee," I said.
"Give me thy livery to wear;
O'er me a little of thy brightness shed,
And through the world I'll fare.
Whene'er I meet an wearied one I'll stay
And softly speak to him of thee;
Ah, Love, I'll spend my life (an if I may)
In such sweet ministry."

And ere my prayer was made, with very grace
Of grace, Love stepped from her high throne;
And where there had been sadness in her face,
A sudden glory shone.
And this to me she spoke with gentle sound:
" 'Tis thus in Love's realm all must fare:
The thing we give away is soonest found;
We keep but what we share."

—Katherine Quinn.

To Him Who Hath.

KATHERINE QUINN.

For years I had pondered the scriptural statement containing the words printed above. Like an undeveloped negative they had lain in my mind, and I besought the Spirit to make plain to me their meaning. But no answer came, and still with stubborn persistence some voice within me questioned, "But why to him who hath?"

Then one day a friend came to me telling how much she enjoyed my letters. "It isn't because they're so witty," she said, "nor yet because they're so wise. It's just because they're so full of optimism, and contain so much sensible nonsense." And she proffered the request that I write similar missives to her sister who was greatly in need of "cheering up."

"But I can't," I replied. "It would be utterly impossible for me to write to her as I do to you."

She very innocently asked the reason why. "Why," I repeated, "why,—because, because,—'to him who hath.'" Then it all flashed on me in an instant. It became as plain as A B C. The working of the whole Law of Attraction was revealed to me through that little episode. Of course, "to him who hath shall be given." I wondered that I had ever been puzzled by it.

It was because my friend abounded in optimism that it was so easy for me to write to her optimistically. She was one who well understood the language of hope; one who kept an eye for fair weather in the thickest of the storm. I was never purposely optimistic when I wrote to her. I just took my pen in hand and focused my attention on her, and straightway "troops of gentle thoughts" came forth and positively insisted on going in that letter. It was no use trying to put them off. It was just as if when my friend's name was called a hundred happy little voices answered, "Here." The Law of Attraction whirled them into my consciousness at that particular moment. I really had no voice in the matter at all. They used my hand to bring themselves into visibility, but it was my friend, herself, who was their real creator.

Of course, on the other hand, I might be able to drum up a few pleasant thoughts to send to her sister, but they would be "like slaves scourged to their doom." They would not want to be put in that letter; they would cry out that they were not in that class; they would be mere eye-servants who would relapse into gloom the moment my back was turned. And ten to one they would miscarry the message I gave them, and my friend's sister would think I was lecturing her. Anyhow the letter would lack spontaneity and it would fail to have the desired effect on her.

Then I saw, too, that in order to attract things we must *be* the things we would attract. If we want Love we must be Love not to one particular person or at one particular hour of the day, but to all persons and at all times. If we want the Law of Attraction to bring us messages of good cheer, we must be full of cheer ourselves, or we will chase them away. Do you suppose that sailor on Columbus's flag-ship who first sighted land ran around to find the biggest growler on board the vessel to tell him they were within reach of shore? Not likely. The probability is that he went at once to the brave commander, or, at any rate, that he took his good news to some one who was expecting it.

There is nothing hard or unreasonable about the Law of Attraction. It's the simplest thing in the world when one understands it, and the kindest. It's the mighty symbol of a mighty love, and all those who have known it have risen up and called it blessed.



....The.... Incarnation

¶ "Unto us a child is born." The first in the list of births in every family record — sacredly enrolled and treasured, it may be, for generations in the old Bible—I inscribe with amending pen the name of Jesus. Unto US—to every race and tribe and family and individual—a child is born; a child revealing all childhood and potential of all manhood; the first-fruits of Earth's harvest of sons; the type of all; the normal child—Immanuel, God with us. Blessed to the soul as clear sunshine and crystal fountain and azure-tinted hills—this perfect child,—of the prophets, of the angels, of the shepherds, of the manger; the Divine Child, whose divinity needs no other evidence than the sun of its regenerating power, or the fountain of its life-giving elixir, or the everlasting hills of their supernal charm.

¶ This Babe of Bethlehem through all the centuries has kindled in the hearts of men the divine flame of Godhood, causing the soul to spring up into new tenderness and sympathy, and pity and love; calling it forth into rich fellowship within the unseen; rousing it to the endeavor of untried heights of living and of brotherhood; and bowing every knee at last before the consciousness of the God-presence in the hearts of the children of men.

¶ And so the "great unknown," out of which we come, is irradiated at Bethlehem by the glories of the Eternal Purpose. And the "great darkness" that receives us is all aflame with the Glory of the Infinite.

¶ Unto me this divine child is born this day! I will not expose him to perish on the bleak hillside of blind indifference; but welcome to the warm sanctuary of my life this messenger of my God!

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

Sermons of a Scientist.

By W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

NO. IV. THE BURDEN OF MAMMON.



It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God. Matthew 19, 24.

The great Teacher stood surrounded by his devoted disciples. He had just given an exhibition of his wonted kindliness and wisdom in blessing the little children; and, as usual, drawing a lesson from the incident he had said: "For of such is the kingdom of heaven"—the kingdom of purity, peace, beauty and spiritual insight—that is to say, the kingdom of heaven.

And then a young man approached the Seer and spake as follows: "Good master, what thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?"

And Jesus said in effect: "You know the law, follow it." "This I have done from my youth," answered the young man. "Yet I feel a lack. Something is wanting. What is it, Master?"

And the Seer looked at him for a moment with those calm, searching, inscrutable eyes—eyes that read the proud, self righteous soul of his questioner, and said: "Go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor. Then come and follow me." The young man was disappointed and went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.

And then the Master turning to his disciples, pronounced one of those superb epigrams which illumine his conversations like so many brilliant gems in a rare golden setting.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

And what does it all mean? Did Jesus intend to imply that no rich man shall go to heaven when he dies? Let us hope not. Such an utterance from the pulpit would deprive the churches of many a Dives—and the poor churches need the money. The probality is that, after what we call "death," the rich man will have just as good a time as the poor man. But that is another story.

What did Jesus mean by this extraordinary statement? Let us analyze a little.

There was once a good, old Quaker who, as a result of calm and wholesome living had reached the unusual age of one hundred and six years. One morning the old man was sitting on the porch of his cottage, dreaming dreams of peace when a would be funny man passed by, and called out to him: "Hello, father! Is it not about time that you died and went to heaven?"

The old man looked up serenely and answered in his gentle voice: "My son, I have lived in heaven for the last forty years."

And so, "the kingdom of heaven" or "the kingdom of God," (Jesus of Nazareth uses the terms interchangeably) may be said to be a phrase representing a certain spiritual state—perhaps more, but at least that; a state something like what certain good friends of mine call "Sanctification."

At any rate, in the sense in which the Seer of Galilee uses the term, it is plainly descriptive of a certain state of

mind—of mind, spirit and body, for all are really one.

And what is that state? Jesus tells us a hundred times, never perhaps more plainly than He did just before He was accosted by the rich young man. For, speaking of the children whom He had just blest, He had said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And elsewhere in still clearer and more positive terms He had said: "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Could anything be plainer? Become as a little child, pure, simple, trustful, loving, truthful, democratic, dreaming the luminous dreams of childhood, free from the base motives of adulthood—do this and thou shalt enter into and dwell in the kingdom of heaven.

And shall the rich man enter therein? Listen to the master Philosopher: "Verily I say into you, a rich man shall only with the greatest difficulty enter into this kingdom of purity, peace and love."

I have known many rich men. Some were born rich, some achieved riches and some had riches (matrimonially) thrust upon them. And this I may say in solemn truth: I do not known one man among them all who lives in peace, purity and security. Some are scheming, plotting, sitting up nights worrying how to increase their wealth—how with greater ease, grace and facility, they shall transfer money from other people's pocket to their own. Some others are bothering just as much about the heavy task of holding what they have got. (You see, in the delectable world of finance, it is even more difficult to hold the money you get than it is to get the other man's money.) These and a thousand other cares, responsibilities, troubles and even crimes, cluster around the dollar sign as unclean flies about a molasses barrel.

Is it any wonder, then, that the average rich man loses much of intellect, calmness, kindliness and integrity? Is it any wonder that he dies with such remarkable promptitude and unanimity? Is it any wonder that Dean Swift felt impelled to say: "You can tell what the Lord thinks of riches by looking at the people to whom He gives it."

I am, of course, speaking of the rule and not of the exception. There are probably exceptions today as there were in the days when the gentle Sage of Nazareth dreamed and talked to the uncomprehending rabble. We will no doubt occasionally find a Nicodemus or a Joseph of Arimathea. But the rule is that the rich man is not wise or calm or kindly or happy, that he is harassed by a thousand cares and worries and qualms of conscience undreamed of by his groom—that in short, the groom is the more fortunate of the two.

And therefore methinks that the master Philosopher of Judea spoke truly when He said: "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

Arise, thou God within my Soul,
Go forth I say and claim the whole;
Within thy depths there lies a plan
To equal that of any man.

—Homer Darling Trask.

Mind: What Is It?

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING TO THINK.

In so far as his belief concerning the origin of mind is concerned, every man must be either a materialist of a spiritualist—that is, he must believe that the human mind is produced by bringing unthinking matter into certain states and conditions, or that it is an independent entity, existing as a thinking organism, apart from the gross forms of matter which are perceptible by the material senses. In a rational study of psychology we must accept one or the other of two fundamental statements viz.: First. Mind is produced by the functional action of the body. Second. Mind is an independent entity, not produced by the body.

In this article, I propose to answer the question: Is mind the result of functional action?

If it is, there must be a definite line, upon crossing which unconscious force becomes conscious force; a point where that which cannot think begins to think. There must be a point where an unintelligent and blind material force becomes an intelligent and self-directing force. This is inconceivable; try to imagine an electric current as suddenly beginning to think and plan its own course, and you will begin to comprehend the difficulty of accepting the materialistic theory of the origin of thought. We have a right to demand of the materialist that he shall show us the exact point at which the unthinking force begins to think.

For, unquestionably, it is a *force* which thinks. We know that thought requires the expenditure of energy; we are conscious of continuous and sustained effort in thought; as much so as in physical labor, and often more so. In fact, many people who are not physically lazy, shrink from the tremendous and continued effort required to think consecutively on any subject. We know by the effort required, and by the subsequent exhaustion, that energy is expended in thought, and there are other phenomena which prove that thought has an impelling power behind it. Telepathy is an accepted fact in nature, and telepathy would be impossible unless there was an impelling power, or a projecting power, behind the thought. Marconi cannot send a wireless telegram without using power, nor can a thought be telepathed without the use of power. The thing which thinks, therefore, is a power; is it an unthinking power which suddenly becomes a thinking one, and if so, when, why and how does it begin to think?

Now, if thought is a functioning of the brain, then the force which causes functional action is the force which thinks; but this force does not think; it blindly causes functional action, which results in thought. There can be no intelligence before functional action; and it must be impossible for intelligence to change, check, control or govern functional action. To do so would be to put the effect before the cause. If the brain is operated by the same power which operates the heart, stomach, liver and kidneys, then the functioning of all these organs must be absolutely beyond the reach or control of intelligence, because there can be no intelligence until after they have acted.

But it is a fact to be reckoned with that the mind does control functional action; that in all probability, it consciously or unconsciously controls *all*

functional action. In a recent work on "The Force of Mind," Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., M. R. C. S. (I give all the tail to his name to show that he is Orthodox) cites instances where the mind has unmistakably caused paralysis, tumors, the formation of pus, dropsy, fatal hydrophobia, a stricture of the windpipe resulting in death, and in fact, nearly the whole category of functional diseases, and not a few of the cases resulting in actual changes in the organic structure of the body; and he goes further, and shows that the mind which can cause, may also cure all these ailments. If this be true, and it is unquestionably so, then it is not possible that the mind should be the result of those functions over which it has such absolute power.

There is still another mechanical difficulty in the way of the materialistic theory of thought. Every mechanic knows that we can never get quite as much energy out of a machine as we put into it. There is always some loss in friction, internal resistance, etc. Thus, the steam engine gives us only a comparatively small percentage of the potential energy of the coal which is consumed; much of the coal power is lost in various ways before it appears in the engine as actual working energy. The best dynamos give back ninety-five per cent of energy expended in running them; the other five per cent is lost in the transformation from steam power to electrical energy. All any machine can do is to transmute the potential energy of nature into kinetic energy, and no machine can give off as kinetic energy quite all the potential energy which it receives. The human body can be no exception to this law. If it manifests kinetic energy, then it receives potential energy which it transmutes into work power; and if thought is produced in the human body, then we receive some form of potential energy which we transform into thought. There is no escape from this proposition. This brings us to the ubiquitous stomach. Does thought power come from food? Is there indeed, as Ingersoll said a "wonderful chemistry by which a piece of bread becomes thought?" If so, then thought power is supplied to the brain by the stomach. The most plausible supposition would be that it is supplied to the brain in the form of potential energy, and changed into thought in the brain. I suppose no one will assert that it is the stomach which thinks, and supplies the brain with ready-made thoughts. If the materialistic psychology is true, the potential energy of food is supplied to the brain by the stomach, just as the potential energy of coal is supplied to the dynamo by the steam engine, and then this energy is changed to thought by the brain, just as steam power is changed to electricity by the dynamo. If this be true, remember that according to the immutable law of mechanics stated above, the brain can only give back a portion—say ninety-five per cent —of the energy which it receives from the stomach. Brain power must always be a little less than stomach power.

Here the mechanical difficulties begin. We are all conscious that it takes power to run the stomach. Why do we feel dull, heavy, lethargic after a too-hearty meal? Even the materialist knows that it is because so much power is required for the work of ridding the stomach of its burden that there is none left for thought. But does the brain furnish power to the stomach? If not, how can it be called upon when the stomach is overloaded? If the stomach transmutes bread into thought power, how is it that a little too much bread sto[illegible] ught? One would think that the [illegible] you be true, and that the more w[illegible] te so much ter we could think. Mater[illegible] chology absolutely ignores th[illegible]

it takes power to digest food, and tracing all energy of mind and body to the stomach, is unable to locate or explain the power which operates the stomach itself.

But this is not the worst difficulty. If the stomach is the source of brain power, it must of course be entirely impossible for the brain to control or operate the stomach in any way. The law governing the transmission of power would prevent this. For instance, suppose the dynamo should say to the engine: "Here, hold on! I am going to operate *you* for a while. I will start you when I please, stop you when I please, run you backward or forward, control you in every way." We know this would be impossible, because the dynamo receives its power from the engine, and can only give back ninety-five per cent of what it receives; and so the secondary machine cannot turn, and control the primary one. Broadly speaking, the machine which can start, stop and control the other is the one which is furnishing the power. And no one who is familiar with the phenomena of nutrition will dispute that it is within the power of the brain to start, stop and control the stomach. Thought causes the saliva and the gastric juice to flow; thought can cause vomiting, or absolutely stop digestion; thought can cause the worst forms of dyspepsia. These, and other facts which the experience of the reader will supply prove that the stomach is the dynamo, and the brain the propelling engine; that there is no chemistry by which bread becomes thought, and that mental action is the cause and not the result of digestion. Without giving further space to the materialistic theory, we will in the next article take up the counter proposition: That mind is an independent entity, not produced by the body.

Our Present Good.

By William E. Towne.

David Harum says a reasonable amount of fleas are good for a dog—they keep him from meditating too much on the fact that he *is* a dog.

And Gerald Stanley Lee says, in his *Mt. Tom Magazine*, that relatives are good for one to strengthen his spiritual fiber on. "Not to bow down and love one's relatives, excepting in extreme cases, is slovenly," says Gerald. "Nearly all the hard things have been eliminated from life now, except relatives. They are the only sure, all-around moral and spiritual training we h[illegible]t."

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the very best kind of spiritual development by practising on them.

We are too apt to imagine that happiness and health must come to us by certain narrow gauge routes or not at all. The great laws of the universe often run contrary to our personal vision. But if we only meet these experiences with faith and an open mind we shall find them all working for our highest good and happiness.

The finite vision can compass only a small part of cause and effect. We cannot see where one originates and the other ends. Often we err in our judgment. But the great Universal Life that lives through us does not err. It brings us just what we need for each particular time and place.

Happiness and health can come to us right here and now by the paths already in sight just as truly as by the different ways that we seem constantly to see ahead of us.

If we shirk the present we shall be disappointed in the future.

The finite, limited, conscious self is incapable of prescribing accurately the ways by which its own good is best attained.

We need to get away from the eternal reaching out for something different, under the idea that it is going to make us happier and healthier than we have been before.

Don't always put your health and happiness away off in the future. Because if you do, you will keep on doing so until —well, until you learn better.

Wake up to the fact that your cosmic self *is* health and harmony and joy.

What you need is less seeking for these desirable conditions outside yourself, and a better understanding of and more faith in your cosmic, sub-conscious self.

All conditions, all your environment, is *now* adapted to bring you greater good. Right *now* you can prepare to step into something higher if you only *accept* the present as being good and *look* for the lesson that is there for you to learn, and do your present work well with no shirking.

It is the shirking of your conscious self, the rebellion, the resistance, the reaching away out to one side or far in advance for something different, the lack of faith in the Universal Life that is working through us all, the doubt, the bitterness that we allow to creep in, the hate, the envy of those who *seem* to be happier or better off than we are, it is these things which keep us from realizing our good.

And they are all, in a measure, within our control, as soon as we are thoroughly awake to the desirability of doing our best and seeking our good in the present. Some of our habits of life help to bind us in the old ruts of thinking, and prevent us from coming into fuller touch, when we try, with our cosmic self. Hurry and worry, and especially haste in eating, keep us tied to the physical side of life.

It is difficult to think clearly, and the mind does not soar much when the stomach is full of unmasticated chunks of food.

If we would fletcherize every mouthful of food it would help wonderfully to make life smoother and brighter. It would take a great and unnecessary burden from the body, and free the mind and spirit to a great degree.

The body is an instrument of the soul. If the instrument is clogged with superfluous trash, it does not readily respond and does not give accurate results. As most people measure their health by their bodily feelings, it is not easy for them to realize harmony when the body is overworked.

Hurry is due to a too intense concentration upon the material side of life. Constant hurry puts health and harmony farther and farther in the future.

We hurry to attain some material good. And when it is gained we see what appears like more material good in the future which we desire even more strongly than that just attained.

And in all this hurry we get away from the spiritual deeps of life, from the roots of being. We become largely automatons, or machines.

"What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose (consciousness of) his own soul?"

Take time to eat, to meditate a little, to relax, to invoke your own cosmic self and get acquainted with it and you will enjoy life far more even though you don't succeed in grabbing quite so much of material wealth.

The Aztecs, Toltecs and Tlascalians.

By Edgar Lucien Larkin.

National Museum, Mexico City, Mexico, October 7, 1908.



Here I am at last, in a place I have ever longed and hoped to be, since boyhood,—one of the most fascinating and interesting museums in the world. It is rich in prehistoric things and with antiquities of high archaeological value. The hopes and fears and religions of vanished races are here wrought in obdurate stone. The sculptures are of intense human interest.

These ancient hewers of stone cut and carved rigid porphyry as though it were wood. The paper on which I wrote my notes was laid on the glass show case, and these were filled with relics revealing the daily life, as well as every religious rite of the ancient peoples. One sheet was very near, almost touching the huge sculptured circular stone—the famous Aztec Calender or Zodiac. This zodiacal belt contains twenty signs where ours has twelve. This mighty disk or cylinder is eleven feet five inches in diameter and nearly three feet thick, and weighs many tons. The rock is olivine basalt, very hard and must have required tools as hard as our hardest steel to carve and sculpture.

When the priests saw that Cortez would capture the city, they buried their religious emblems, statues and utensils. This historic stone was found in the great square of Mexico when excavating for laying a pavement in 1790, and at once attracted the attention of scholars everywhere, especially astromoners. I am taking notes in the great Hall of Monoliths.

Men, women, gods, animals, serpents and eagles are on all sides wrought in rigid stone. Every sculpture in the room has to do with religion.

The huge stone of sacrifice, shows that human sacrifice was practiced as amongst the ancient Hebrews. There is a place for the body to lie, immediately before the priests slew the victim, and a receptacle for the blood and a channel for it to escape, as at the dedication of Solomon's temple. This stone is also a disk; it is ten feet in diameter and three in thickness, and looks like a gigantic millstone. But it had a very different use. For it occupied the apex of the great Aztec Temple of the sun, a huge pyramidal edifice which once stood exactly where now stands the immense and magnificient Cathedral of Mexico. I sighted across the diagonals of the square and mentally determined the angles of the pyramid. The top of the Aztec Temple reached an altitude equal to that of the Cathedral, says tradition. Very likely it did. Then this stone for centuries drenched with human blood, occupied the same place in space, now occupied by the giant central cross of the Cathedral.

On this now beautiful square, filled with tropical flowers and shrubs, and by thousands of laughing, careless but happy people, once surged the horrors of war—a death struggle of prehistoric nations, and a death of a great religious system.

For the war was terrific at this historic spot. It would require a book to contain a description of the sculptures,

relics, domestic, agricultural, mechanical and religious, in this wondrous room. They were secured from all historic places in Mexico and Yucatan, begining in 1775. Scientific men from all parts of the world came here to study. Two sculptures are exactly like those of Egypt, and the legs and feet of a huge statue are here, nearly as large as those along the Nile. There is a great stone with a carving of the size and shape of an Egyptian mummy case, face, headdress and all are Egyptian in every respect. In another part of the museum are relics from Uxmal, Mitla, Calara, Palengue, Sabaeche, Chichen-Itza, all photographed on a very large scale for display in Madrid. For all the Aztec and Toltec ruins can be seen in one room.

To me this series is a revelation. Thus the colossal ruined buildings in all Mexico and Yucatan wrought with exquisite skill can be compared with those of Egypt, Meroe and Nubia, and now of Arabia, since ruined buildings are being discovered there. But the photographs in the Mexican Museum reveal faces of the builder. They are not precisely Asiatic but similar. From all these things seen here, and from a series of studies made before coming to Mexico, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that all these buildings, temples and pyramids in Mexico, Yucatan, Bolivia, Peru, Ecquador, Egypt, Arabia, Abyssinia, Meroe, Nubia, Palmyra, Carthage and Japan, were erected by the same race. But the remnants of this race escaped a great flood which submerged a mighty continent in the Pacific Ocean. The islands of all Polynesia are the high places. The name of the continent was Pan. Two stone images have ben found on an island in Polynesia like Colossi here in this room where I am writing, and those now in Egypt. All archaeology must be upset and re-written.

Mexico is of the most intense interest, its people and scenery. The gigantic peak of the volcano Popocatapetel, snow and ice clad, is always in view, when not obscured by clouds. I am going half way up to the summit tomorrow. Fruits are on sale all along miles of street, and flowers galore. The climate is crisp and cool, for I am up here 7,350 feet above Holyoke, down in Massachusetts. Everybody ought to come to Mexico and go straight to the museum.

The Snow Storm.

Throughout the silent spaces of the air
The tiny stars of snow come drifting down
Like flakes of moonlight, covering the brown
Old earth, making it calm and white and fair,
Smoothing and purifying everywhere.
Changing the landscape, as the care-worn frown
Fades from the face of man when the white crown
Of silent death comes kindly to repair
His age. And so this snow storm is the breath
Of God as much as any air of spring
Or summer time. And though it seems but death
And desolation, yet not anything
Can fail or come to naught that He has made,
So, dear Heart, be not troubled or afraid.

—Chester Wood

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Chapter XXXII.

The practical application of these laws.

The first application of the *Tattvic* Law is to realize that you are yourself responsible for the character of the forces active within. There is not an act of life nor a thought to which the Law does not apply; it expresses itself in the form of like vibrations everywhere and in everything. The forces of the Universe are playing upon and around you, and what you think and feel determines what sort shall find affinity within.

But knowledge alone of the Law does not enable us to apply it,—does not give us the power to *use* the master key. That is gained only by steadfast determination and faithful practice of all means to the end. If one thing has been emphasized more than another in these lessons upon the Evolution of the Self through Health to Freedom and Power, it is the need of harmony from the foundation upward.

The perfect life—which can be made the common life *not* the exceptional one—permitting the unfolding of undreamed of powers of mind and soul, requires for its foundation a strong body whose equilibrium is maintained by the rhythmic functioning of all its complex organs, under the control of a sane, wholesome mind.

Rid yourself right here and now of any belief you may have in the body itself being sinful. "Matter is not in itself evil. On the contrary, it comes forth from God, and consists of that whereof God's Self consists, Spirit. It *is* Spirit, by the force of the Divine will subjected to conditions and limitations, and made externally cognizable" (*Perfect Way, Page* 41).

The whole end and aim of humanity's trials and experiences is to educate souls to overcome, to gain the Will-power "to escape the limitations of matter and return to the condition of pure Spirit." Remember the distinction I pointed out to you between the will at the beck and call of desire, and a will which is the handmaid of Soul-consciousness and holds every thought under control. In the latter case only is the will strong and really free.

To ignore the body and affirm that "mind is all," is both unscientific and a grave mistake; for while mind is ensheathed in the body all the vehicles through which consciousness manifests are efficient in proportion as their activities work together in rhythmic harmony for the good of all. Each must sound its own perfect notes, just as the various organs of the body should; all together forming a harmonious chord. Only perfect health, with subordination of every organ to its legitimate function—as well-trained soldiers work together—permits the freedom and enjoyment of this condition.

"The aim of all endeavor," says Anna Kingsford, "should be to bring the body into subjection to, and harmony with the Spirit, by refining and subliming it, and so heightening its powers as to make it sensitive and responsive to all the motions of the Spirit."

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath is the only explanation of Kosmic Forces which teaches how to "sublime" the body, and "make it sensitive and responsive" to the Spirit. A sound mind in a perfectly controlled body is indispensable for progress in the refinement and development of all the sheaths which leads to consciousness on all planes and to soul-knowledge.

As Annie Besant says: "All that is needed to be in Heaven [now] is to become conscious of those vibrations"; —that is, vibrations of soul-consciousness, higher states latent in all; but which require for their forth-coming conditions of peace, confidence, serenity and poise. These are impossible in a pain-racked body, or in one heavy with the impurities of gross living and discordant thinking.

When the spirit is deeply involved in matter (lower vibrations), inertia is manifested. We speak of being "heavy-hearted," "depressed in spirits," "sleepy," yet prolonged sleep brings no rest; *under such influences*, we are literally weighted down by the gross, heavy states of the physical atoms. As the spirit, through the purification of matter, evolves out of it, the vibrations increase in refinement; and lightness, exhilaration, and elasticity are increasingly apparent. In such states we bring enthusiasm to bear upon all that we do, and every activity is a joy; work ceases to be labor. We have connected ourselves with higher and purer sources of energy.

Epictetus reminds us: "Men are distracted not by the things which happen but by their opinions about things." To consistently apply the *Tattvic* Law and reap the advantage from the knowledge of it which is possible for every earnest and determined soul, there is in most cases an imperative need to change the whole tenor of customary thought,—often, indeed, the order of the life; to purify the mind and body through wholesome thinking and living, with charity, love, and truth, and effacement of all petty self-interests as the basis of daily activities.

The cheerfulness and joy resulting promote a state of harmony, for happiness, confidence, and courage are upbuilding forces; fear, anxiety, petty animosities, intolerance, resentment, and cowardice are *dis*integrating and *dis*cordant, because they *dis*turb the balance of the *Tattvas*, and greatly increase the preponderance of those which in excess are *dis*astrous.

The physical and mental peril of indulgence in these latter emotions and thoughts, is not half-understood; but here, again, the *Tattvic* Law clearly explains cause and effect, warns of the danger, and places responsibility. We must learn to direct our activities and govern our lives systematically, refusing longer to be the playthings of chance. We must think clearly and plan our days so they shall be filled with the things worth the doing.

Since you know that the nature of certain thoughts must inevitably produce unfavorable vibrations, is it not as rank injustice to yourself and those affected by your mental or physical condition to indulge in them as it would be to take poison? As all vibrations can be controlled by thought, you must *think* the vibrations which you desire to be most active in your body. Not denial of pain and weakness, but conscious thought-construction of the conditions you would manifest in your life—just as the artist bodies forth on his canvas the picture his imagination has conceived—is the sure method to hasten the fulfillment of your strongest desires and aims. You *must* control your thoughts for they are always *creating* something.

See to it that you contribute no discord to your environment, if so unfortunate as to come in contact with it, be no party to it. By every act of your life set the example of poise, serenity, and happy confidence in ultimate good.

Oppose passion and pessimism with *silent* thoughts of their opposites. There is much comfort in the knowledge that through beneficent suggestion we may often influence for good a nature which can hear no arguments nor opposing opinions without being stirred to excited

antagonism. A mental atmosphere of love and confidence protects us from all evil thought-waves.

It is necessary to give final emphasis to the fact that the exercises in Yoga breathing are not methods of regular, still less of rhythmic breathing, but, as stated in the first chapter, are scientifically designed to restore the balance of the positive and negative currents which in normal breathing flow rhythmically and *alternately*, one *after* the other, at regular periods down the right and left sides of the spine; the right (positive) and left (negative) lungs being correspondingly charged. The excess of one current, or the undue preponderance of a *Tattva* causes *dis*order; then, if order be not restored, *dis*ease. It is the inception of *all* disease, organic as well as functional.

The normal order of God's vast Universe is based upon rhythmic harmony, and the healthful functioning of all his creatures upon this terrestrial globe is a reflection upon the gross, or visible, plane of activity of that perfect, harmonious rhythm. Mark well that I say *healthful functioning*. We all know that this normal condition is the blessing of not more than one in five hundred, if so many.

The present age not only suffers from many weaknesses resulting from the ignorance and wrong-doing of past generations, but has involved itself deeper and deeper in materialism, separating itself from the beneficent spiritual plane of its being, which has developed hitherto unknown diseases encroaching upon and impairing, more and more with the progress of this thing *mis-called civilization*, the channels of vital force, the nervous system.

The corrective exercises are designed to restore divine order, no function of life having been so misunderstood and neglected during centuries as the vital one of breathing. The difference between the two exercises is very great. They supplement each other. Alternate breathing renews and freshens the human battery, undoing the mischief created through having employed *one current* too long; it is nerve-calming and equalizing; for it restores the atoms to harmonious activity, when before they were all struggling for their individual "breath of life."

The Held-breath describes itself, for though the breaths are taken alternately as in the other exercise, the *holding* is the important part. It is nerve-energizing to a greater degree — and acts more promptly—than any other remedy for nerve-exhaustion yet devised; because the thought, concentrating *Prâna* in different plexuses, polarizes the electro-chemical action, refines the *Tattvic* vibrations, and raises them to inconceivably higher power. This exercise for *Prânâyâma* (control of *Prâna*) thus electrifies all the nerves of the body and stimulates all the organic functions to their highest activity. I have had many proofs of its wonderfully purifying, renewing, and invigorating power when practiced regularly and faithfully.

Since we are human electric batteries, there is no slightest doubt in my mind that we can accomplish more for the regeneration of our bodies in this way—the force being infinitely finer—than can be done by the application of high-power currents from electrical machines. D'Arsonval's new apparatus (designed to destroy the "germs of old age") gives an alternating current of one thousand million vibrations per second. But the mind gains nothing by this treatment beyond having its house put in order *for it*. Without belittling that, I must remind you that the mind still remains the mischief-maker, which, uncontrolled, draws discordant vibrations that will quickly undo the good.

Where the will-power is lacking to gain the necessary mental control, by all

means try the electric-battery. That is the next best thing, but remember that it is only man's clever device to replace Divine methods, therefore incomplete.

This explanation amply refutes the charge that an "unnatural method of breathing is taught by Yoga exercises." Instead of "reversing the natural circulation of the blood, bringing abnormal pressure upon psychic centers in the brain," as one critic charges, the exercises, *if directions for practice be followed*, have none but the most beneficial and stimulating effect upon both the blood circulation and the circulation of *Prâna* (vital force) in the nerves.

Long experience has proved to me beyond the shadow of a doubt that these corrective exercises successfully effect a purification and regulation of the Kosmic currents flowing over the nerves which, through restoring the normal balance of the vital-currents, restores harmony and consequently strength where heretofore discord and disease have held high carnival mainly because of the disordered and unnatural breathing which has become the rule among mankind instead of the exception.

Instances of harm resulting from Yoga exercises can always be traced to injudicious practice, because of ignorance of the forces used—the two phases of the vital-current and the *Tattvic* vibrations composing the currents. All wholesale condemnation and denunciation are based also upon ignorance, but are due to observed results of mal-practice. Unfortunately, this very practice has been sanctioned and directed sometimes by those who command confidence because supposedly having been trained themselves in the oldest Eastern systems.

But I would caution you that no one who understands the *Science of Breath* would dream of instructing students to practice the Held-breath exercise for long periods of thirty to forty-five minutes. The conditions thus produced *are* "unnatural" and destroy all normal activity. They are exactly what is described in the picturesque phraseology of the *Shivâgama* as the state when "the fires of death burn."

The enthusiasts who thus attempt to develop psychic powers by a *tour de force*, to break into heaven, as they perhaps suppose, by scaling its walls, are hopelessly defeating any spiritual aspirations they may have. You cannot *burst* through the sheaths without shattering them; each must be refined in turn.

Again I say: Evolution is the reverse process of involution. We must begin with the body and its directing mind. Soul-consciousness is gained in no other way; and psychic powers are but a source of danger and tribulation, of weakness to the body and mind, until *both mental* sheaths are developed, the higher, sufficiently to recognize its power.

Here, again, Anna Kingsford indicates the *Perfect Way:* "It is vain to seek the inner chamber without first passing through the outer."

It is only when we can attain inward calm, can free ourselves from the tangle of the common daily perplexities and avocations, that we gain a true perspective of the things that so absorb us; realize the pettiness of most of them, separate the wheat from the tares; and cultivate a judgment that will successfuly guide us and bring order and peace.

There can be no final word on this vast subject. Its profound importance has been made clear to all who are sufficiently interested *to think*. To such there will be no fruitless moments of thought and endeavor. Ever, as they seek, will the Path become more illuminated; and they and I must continue to learn as long as we strive for "More Light."

THE END.



THE WAY OUT

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

CHAPTER X.

THE VALENTINE.

That spring was a season of hard but agreeable work for Virginia. This is not saying that the work would have been agreeable to her in her old way of thought, but now the knowledge that she was doing something at which she could excel, that she was helping her fellow creatures every day, and that she was above all earning a good living for herself and her children with the prospect of better, seemed to her to dignify the employment.

Virginia Preston had a good head for business. She was an excellent cook, and she set out to sell over her counter what the people wanted; beyond that she tried to encourage them to purchase what was good for them. Her soups with vegetable foundation sold readily, the mill hands coming past for them with little tin pails, and Virginia picked no flaws in the motive, though she half guessed it was because they were very cheap, hot and as their purchasers would have said "fillin'."

At first she fully determined to make good bread and sell it, but she found she had neither the time nor was there sufficient profit in it, since her customers would pay the same for a sour baker's loaf which was two-thirds air that she would have received for one of her sound, solid, sweet home-made products. Somehow it seems to take intelligent people to appreciate good bread.

Of course there were times when she failed utterly to realize her new ideals, when she dropped back so completely into her old habits of thought that she might have been forgiven for being discouraged—but she never was. Always she realized that progress is made in steps—some people make it in bounds—nobody goes forward smoothly like a stream. She learned to put over the times of spiritual sloth as best she could, and believe that in them she was gathering strength for some new forward movement. And at her finest she fairly glowed with the love and light that were making her anew—which shining attracted some moths that furnished her new problems.

The most pressing of these was the attitude of Daniel Baxter. Mr. Gilchrist had brought him into the little eating house one evening soon after it was established; the mill superintendent was extremely proud of Virginia and her success, and he presented the contractor quite as though they had called upon some lady in her own home.

Baxter lingered after the other man was gone, making a pretext of wanting some fruit, though he stated upon entering that he had just had his supper.

"Been a widow long?" he asked her as he made choice among her Virginia Beauties.

"Nearly ten years," she answered. "Maybe you'd rather have some Baldwins, Mr. Baxter. We always think these are the nicest because they grow on the plantation at home and are named for our state—or the children say for me."

"Ten years," echoed the stout old fellow regarding her shrewdly, "I don't know what the men up in your neighborhood were about to let such a girl as you stay a widow for ten years. Oh—the apples—no, I like these best. What did you say the name was? Virginia Beauties? Well, I'm all for Virginia beauties," and he pointed the compliment by a humorous look and a flourishing bow.

Virginia laughed a little constrainedly. "I can't have you talking personalities here in the restaurant," she said good humoredly. "Personal conversation gets in the way of business."

"Personal conversation may *be* business," insisted Baxter. "But I understand what you mean, Mrs. Preston, and I think it shows how unsuitable this undertaking is for a lady like you. What you are fitted to shine in, is a handsome home of your own. I was talking to Mr. Gilchrist about getting some one to board me and the clerks when we move in, and he first said I couldn't get anybody better than you and then told me he didn't want me to propose it to you, because they couldn't spare you from this place. He says it's done his hands a lot of good to have somewhere they could get a wholesome hot lunch."

"I'm mighty glad to hear of Mr. Gilchrist speaking that way," said Virginia, coloring high and looking so handsome in her flattered embarrassment that Baxter was more charmed than ever. "Mr. Gilchrist has been everything that was kind to me, and his sister Miss Mabel runs down nearly every day to see how this enterprise is getting on."

At the mention of her aristocratic friends Baxter redoubled his persuasions. "Now what do you think of my taking a good house here and furnishing it any way you say—just any way you like—and putting you in to board us fellows? Don't you think we could be a happy family?" he urged.

Virginia shook her head and turned to wait on a customer who had just come in. "I'm afraid I'd better stick to what I've made a success of," she said. "Thank you very much for the offer, though, Mr. Baxter."

"Oh, you needn't thank me in that final way," boomed the old man making ready for departure. "You haven't seen the last of me yet. I don't take no for an answer so easy as all that. I'm going to have my meals with you while I'm in town—you've got no objection to that have you?—and we'll find plenty of chances to talk the thing over."

Of course Virginia saw no way to say that there was the slightest objection to Mr. Baxter's becoming a regular boarder at the little street car restaurant, though she looked forward with a half humorous perplexity to having him three times a day, loud, blustering, throwing his compliments and his would-be sentimental looks across her counter.

Her heart ached a little when she thought of one whose presence would have been so gladly welcomed in the little remodelled street car, and who was now gone from Kesterson's, for Hugh O'Meara and his band of surveyors were moved up the right of way to a camp ten miles above. Hugh had been down to the village once, and had found time for

a short call on the Prestons; but Virginia was away from home working over her new venture and somehow missed him. Then he had written a little note to Mary Lou returning a few new thought books that Miranda had said they might lend to anyone they supposed would be interested in them.

Virginia had that letter in the pocket of whichever dress she was wearing. She used to take it out and read it over a good many times during the day. Of course it was unreasonable for her to feel impatience at his reserve, when she had herself harshly reproved him for being too hasty in the first place in making her acquaintance.

"I don't wonder he's afraid of me," she would say to herself, when she looked at the letter and wished it began "My dear Virginia," instead of "My dear Mary Lou." "But if he knew how completely changed I am—dear me, how I should like to talk this new thought with him. He always has such sound ideas. There's nobody like him. He must have had this philosophy naturally."

She lived in hopes that he would write again or come to visit them, and when Kinney's few weeks of work for the Kesterson Mill Company were finished and he received through O'Meara an offer to work for the railroad, closing up deals and examining titles to tracts of land, she was proportionately delighted.

It seemed they were not to drift out of touch. Kinney was to go up and make his headquarters at the surveyor's camp for a time at least, and her heart beat high with anticipation of what might come of it.

Meanwhile Baxter's importunities became more pressing. From the first his crude nature had been powerfully attracted by Virginia's beauty; the shrewd, self-made man—he could scarcely read, and was barely able to sign his name—was flattered by her fineness and good breeding. He was withheld from an outright proposal of marriage only by the most careful finessing.

Sometimes when she reflected that he was a kind man, actually wealthy, and counted over the advantages he could give the children, when she told herself that Hugh O'Meara would probably never be anything more to her than a good friend, she wondered if it were not really her duty as a mother to try to see whether she could not make this marriage, and find good in it.

She was restrained from discussing the matter with Kinney by a delicacy on account of his feeling that he must look after her and the children. If she were married to a man of Daniel Baxter's means it would smooth the way for Kinney to offer himself to Miranda Tate. No, she must wait and hope a little longer—a trying attitude for one of Virginia Preston's fiery energy.

Kinney met the man over in the eating house, and Baxter was almost comically effusive in his friendliness toward the brother of the woman he plainly desired to make his wife. Virginia wished impatiently that her admirer would moderate his tone, and looked to have Kinney tease her about it afterward; but evidently the matter appeared too serious to the Virginia gentleman.

Matters stood thus on the 13th of February, when Frank asked his uncle to address a valentine for him to Miranda Tate. The little boy was a banner pupil in her Sunday School class and exceedingly fond of her.

"I got the very prettiest one I could, Uncle Kinney," he said as he proffered the dainty thing, "and mother helped me to choose it; but it doesn't say all I want on there. You see it says there in front with the roses, 'I am thine alone.' Then on the other side, here, 'Will you be mine?' Mother said that sounded a

good deal like a proposal; but I like the pink roses anyhow, and I thought if you would write my name and, 'Please answer me next Sunday,' she would understand it was just from one of us boys in her Sunday School class."

"All right, Frank," said Kinney, taking up the pen and looking over the spaces he had to fill.

Outdoor life had improved him mightily. There was a confidence in his manner, a freshness of color, a brightness of eye, that quite made Kinney Lee over, and he had always been a handsome, appealing fellow, even at his poorest. He sat looking at the card with fond eyes. It was for Miranda. How pleasant it would be if he were sending it on his own account instead of for Frank. Well, a man couldn't have everything in this world. There never was a sweeter friend than that dear girl. He wrote in the sentences requested, in his bold flowing hand, slipped it into the envelope and addressed it to Miss Miranda Tate.

Sunday afternoon Miranda came home from Sunday School with Frank. Virginia noted that her eyes went eagerly about the room as she entered, and that she looked a little disappointed to find Kinney not there. Mary Lou had stopped at the minister's for a book that his daughter promised to lend her. And Virginia with the matchmaking instincts so strong in all good women called her son into the kitchen.

"You won't mind sitting in here by yourself awhile, will you Miranda?" she asked. "There's a new *Nautilus* on the table there, and if you haven't already seen it you'll find it mighty interesting reading. Kinney went up to Mr. Gilchrist's right after dinner, but he'll be home pretty soon, and I'll come back as quick as I can get done out here."

"Why mustn't I go in there?" asked Frank with very round eyes. "Miss Miranda's all alone—she'll want me. Mother, I think you act awful queer."

Virginia laughed and put her hand over her boy's lips as they heard Kinney's footsteps ascending the porch. The door opened. Virginia tried to busy herself with her cleaning up and not hear anything that went on in the front room, but in that house confidences were impossible.

Miranda evidently rose with a timid murmur of greeting and went forward to her avowed—her accepted lover—as she understood it.

Virginia could imagine just how Kinney was standing, looking at the girl, longing to take her in his arms and kiss her and not daring to say much more than "How do you do?"

Then she heard Miranda's voice. "I got your valentine, Kinney, the answer is yes."

There ensued a considerable silence, and the sister knew that Kinney was trying to recollect what she, who had glanced over his shoulder, knew very well to be the case—that he had signed his own name instead of Frank's to the sentences written on the valentine. Finally he must have come to that conclusion for she heard him say:

"Oh, Miranda—is it really yes? I hardly dared hope—"

The words broke off; Virginia guessed what had interrupted them. She took a pan of scraps and ran out into the yard to call up the chickens she had now begun to keep.

When she came back she heard her brother saying:

"Ought I to have asked you? Was it right? I'm afraid there are others I should have considered before I—before I—"

This was too much for Virginia. She noted that Frank, absorbed in his knife scouring, had paid no attention whatever to the conversation in the next room,

and she ran in there to find man and girl confronted, he holding her hand, eyes full of timid adoration and a reluctant, half-terror of his own good fortune.

"There is nobody in the world you have to consider before Miranda, Kinney," she said firmly. "If we were still as bad off as we were three months ago I would say that. But I've made certain —certain arrangements—that will take care of me and the children. You needn't think once about us. Oh—God bless you both—how happy I am."

She ran to them and stood a moment with a hand stretched out to each. Then she kissed Miranda impulsively, caught up Kinney's hat and hustled them both out.

"Take her to walk up on the hill," she counseled, "like you did that first Sunday. It's a lovely day, if it is the 14th of February."

She watched with happy tears the two walking away from her, breasting the slope, the man helping the girl beside him tenderly, well aware that here were two whose marriage was certainly made in heaven.

Suddenly her lip trembled and the tears, from being so happy, had a flavor of bitterness. She hurried into the kitchen to catch up Frank and tell him that he was all she had left—a widow's only son—and he must remember and always love her.

Good fortune is as much of a habit as bad luck. When Kinney Lee finished the investigation of the land titles for Kesterson's, he went at once up to Hugh O'Meara's camp to take up his new work. The two had not met since Kinney's departure for the mountains of Esher County.

"What's happened to you, man?" inquired the surveyor genially, at his first sight of Lee. "You look made over," and he thumped the other heartily on the back.

"I reckon I am," said Kinney. "I'm going to be made over into a married man next summer, anyhow."

"Who is the lady—Miranda Tate?" inquired O'Meara, leading the way into the shanty they were to occupy togther.

"Yes," returned Lee proudly. "I hadn't expected to be in a position to ask her to marry me for years, and I supposed some other lucky fellow would get her before that time. But the thing came up in a sort of accidental way, and my sister told me that she herself is going to marry, as I understand it, and that leaves the field clear."

O'Meara was standing with his back to the new comer, and he received this statement with so odd a silence that Kinney finally looked up at him in some wonder.

"Who is—who is the fortunate man?" inquired O'Meara slowly, without turning his head.

"It's that Mr. Baxter that wants her to run the boarding house for the hands. He's a widower. I've not been at home very much, but I realized from the first minute I saw them together what his intentions were."

"Yes, oh, yes, of course any man thrown much in the society of Mrs. Preston would admire her," said O'Meara. He stared out into the soft afternoon light. Baxter—Dan Baxter! A man already old at fifty, with but the remnant of a hard, rough, dissipated life; a dull, crude, unenlightened nature, a stranger to generous impulses, incapable of sympathy with such a soul as Virginia's.

"But Baxter," he murmured haltingly. "I wouldn't have thought a man like Baxter—" then broke off resolutely, turned round, and began to show Kinney where to put his various belongings, reproaching himself for having implied, or even mentally harbored, a criticism. Virginia was indeed beautiful and attractive, and the needs of her situation were instant. She had no knowledge of the Daniel Baxter with whom he was familiar. Was it likely she would refuse a man of the contractor's position and means? And he blamed himself for a dilatory course.

"If I loved Virginia Preston," he said to himself—"and the Lord knows I did from the first moment I put eyes an her —it was my part to let her know it, and give her the chance to say no to me if there was somebody else she preferred."

(To be Continued.)

When the Earth Quaked.

By William E. Towne.

While we were in New York City recently, Walter Perkins invited us to go with him to see "Paid in Full" at Weber's theater.

Walter is chock full of interesting incidents, and between the acts he told us about his experience in the great San Francisco earthquake. It seems that he was awakened in his hotel by the violent rocking of the bed. At first he was a little dazed with sleep and could hardly realize what was happening. Then he recalled that they sometimes had earthquakes in San Francisco and decided one was probably in progress. Broken glass was flying about the room along with articles of furniture and his personal belongings.

Then Walter covered up his head, not because he was afraid, as he was careful to explain and as subsequent events proved, but to protect himself from flying glass and other missiles.

Things quieted down for a bit and then came another shock. The bed rocked like an old-fashioned stage coach. After it had passed Walter got up and went to the window to see if the city was standing. Apparently all the buildings were in place. He saw a man going down the street. A woman was standing in a doorway. "If there is anything very remarkable in this earthquake," thought Walter, "he will stop and speak to her." But he didn't stop. "I guess this must be a common occurrence here," was his conclusion.

So our comedian went back to bed and slept for three hours.

When he awakened there *was* noise and confusion enough outside to attract his attention.

He rushed to the window. Men and women were dragging trunks and household possessions through the streets. Everywhere was excitement and confusion.

"Ah, ha," thought Walter, "the rabble are just getting onto the fact that there has been an earthquake, and are scared."

He decided to go out and see the sights, but first carefully shaved himself and deliberately dressed.

When he got down to the hotel office his eyes were opened somewhat by finding it badly wrecked.

It so happened that he had not received his last week's salary (which was a good one) from the manager of the company with which he was playing, and for the first time he began to think that this earthquake might affect him personally.

He rushed out upon the street and started for the theater. A short distance from the hotel he met a member of the company who told him the theater was wrecked. "BUT DON'T WE PLAY TONIGHT?" asked Walter in perplexed astonishment. "Play," was the reply, "with five thousand people killed and half the city in ruins? I guess not!"

How Walter wandered about the city for several days, living upon short rations such as the sandwiches and coffee afforded by the relief workers, how he finally got a position upon the governor's staff as telegraph operator where he worked with great satisfaction to his employers for several weeks, how he finally secured the payment of most of his salary and ultimately came east to his home at Biddeford, Me., is a story in itself.



By William E. Towne.

* * * A self-reliant bachelor girl of my acquaintance once was recently approached by interested friends to find out why she did not get married.

"The reason I have not married," replied the bachelor girl, "is that up to the present time I have never quite reached the point where I felt able to support a man."

* * * Which reminds me of the coon who proposed to an industrious negress and got turned down. He proceeded to indulge in some uncomplimentary remarks concerning the fair one's personal appearance and wound up by saying, "I wouldn't a ast you only dat I lost ma job de oder day."

* * * There are many, many families wherein the woman is the one who starts the saving habit. The wife has an immense influence upon the disposition of the family income, and she can often, by the exercise of care and good judgment, set a small but steady stream of money flowing towards the saving bank which would otherwise be dissipated in cigars, booze and such like unnecessary expenditures. On the other hand, the wife often induces the husband to indulge her in extravagances far beyond his means, and then suicide or dishonor wreck the home, where self-control and a little everyday thrift and common sense would have kept the balance on the right side of the ledger.

* * * Are you reading those articles in *McClure's* translated from General Kuropatkin's book? They are well worth reading and show you some of the reasons why the Japanese were victorious in their war with the Russians. The latter started out with the idea that only one Russian soldier would be needed for each three Japanese. After the war had been in progress a little time they turned the formula end for end, making it three Russians for one Japanese.

* * * It is a good thing for a man to get out of the environment in which he is born and raised. It gives him self-confidence as nothing else can. He learns to meet and conquer. He rubs against the world until his idiosyncrasies are polished down. He learns tolerance. One who lives all his life in his native environment can hardly keep from becoming warped and narrow in many ways. Sometimes marriage will prevent this, especially if the husband and wife come from different sections of the country—the farther apart the better. President Roosevelt's father was a New Yorker. His mother a Southern woman.

* * * Have you some great trouble? Wake up and get as far away from it *mentally* as possible. Do something. Breathe. Walk. Work. Get interested in your work or exercise and your trouble, *whatever* its nature will take unto itself wings and softly drift out of your consciousness.

Reflection.

You scorn but what you are,
Hate is but sight
Of her own image in the Mirror wide;
While Love and Pity see their faces bright
Beneath them, bending o'er Life's deep, dark tide.

—Florens Folsom.

A Contented Spirit.

LANETTE M. FOSTER.

The torpid little village was in the extreme south of Mexico, set in the midst of a desolate, sunburned plain; it was a place of arid sand, cacti and sparse vegetation, basking lethargic with the tropical acquiescence in things as they are. A few huts made of native sunbaked clay were scattered about in the scrubby bushes. To the right the flats stretched away to the Pacific ocean, to the left were high, bare hills rising sheer and steep.

The Pan-American railroad which is to connect the two continents of North and South America had reached this point and got a little farther beyond, but we were to stop here. Leaving the train we asked the lounging natives for a hotel and one of them volunteered his services as guide to the house of the Jefe Politico. Bull carts were the only wheeled conveyances the village afforded, so we raised our umbrellas and set out on foot, the mozo trotting ahead with our hand baggage. The afternoon sun shone coppery through the dust but its heat was scorching, so we stopped for a drink of water at an adobe house that differed from the others in having no pigs slumbering before its door. We knocked and to our surprise a white woman, elderly and of striking appearance, came to the door instead of the slatternly native that we expected.

"Entra Ustedes," said she.

"Thank you," we replied, stepping in.

"Ah," she said in English, "you are Americans."

We followed her in to the low mud-walled room and she bade us be seated. She brought the water that we asked for and then we fell to talking or rather she talked and we listened. Her voice was low and beautifully modulated; it was that of the cultivated person and her quaint English had a strong German accent.

"Yes," she said, "I am German though my people were originally Polish. Yes, I like it here for my husband has his health. We have traveled much in search of a place that would suit him. We lived several years in Costa Rica on a large plantation of rubber and cocoa. Oh, it was beautiful there, the house was set in a garden of oleanders and hibiscus, tall palms and crotons. Their leaves are like stained glass, are they not?—such rich hues. It was all very lovely, but my husband did not have his health so we came away. Then to the United States we went—it was summer and we went to Boston.

"Oh, so many people we met there who were,—what you call it?—congenial. In Spanish I should say 'simpatico'—that is a beautiful word with no exact English equivalent. But the cold weather approached and my husband shivered so we had to leave. We were always seeking the place to suit his health. We now heard of Southern California—how splendid the climate, how exquisite the fruits and flowers. Said my husband, 'Let us go to that paradise' so we went. But there it is so dry and the dust it is so choking and my husband found it not warm enough. He bought himself an overcoat but still he was cold. Then we read about this Southern Mexico, the beautiful climate and all, and my husband said, 'Let us go to that paradise.'

"We came and found what you see—always when one seeks paradise it is a little farther on you know.

"Yes, I am happy here. My husband he has his health. He is conductor on

the train—I expect you saw him as you came down here. He is away nearly all of the time. I am alone a great deal, yes. But we have had such a beautiful life. I love to think it over as I sit here and sew. I think of the travels we have taken over Europe and to Australia and South America. And we have had such beautiful friends; it makes the heart glad to recall their faces. And my memory is full of the most beautiful pictures of the mountains and the sea and the sky as I have seen them in different parts of the world.

"There is always so much to think of and to be interested in. Have you read of the poor little Queen Wilhelmina? Ah, it is so sad—again she has lost the heir and she is talking of the divorce the papers say. I felt so sorry when she, so sweet and refined married that prince—he is nothing but a big piece of meat, I think. But the young King and Queen of Spain—was not their courtship lovely and their marriage most beautiful? They were surely in love. I like so much to read about them."

The waiting mozo looked in and asked if he should go on and bring back a burro for the senora who perhaps was tired.

"No," I replied, "I will walk on."

Our hostess went with us a way up the ragged road that crawled away towards the hills.

"There is not much that is beautiful to the eye here," she said, "but, my dear, it is not necessary always that there should be. There is the inner eye, you know, are we not perhaps fortunate in being placed where we may penetrate the meaning of solitude? There the imagination may grow and find how far it may reach when it moves unaided.

Her soft, dark eyes gazed away at the hills beyond and as I looked at her I saw them fill with vision—not of arid land and bare hills—who can say what it was? But it flooded her face with light and in her voice was a vibrant note when she spoke again.

"Your poet Emerson has said, 'The difference between landscape and landscape is small—the difference is in the eye of the beholder.'"

Then as if she was a magician evoking the vision of the spirit she lifted her eyes again to the hills. "Look," she said.

Through a wide gap in the nearer heights range after range of distant mountains shaded off through the whole scale of violet to a far away horizon where the sun was sinking. The brilliance was so modified by the atmosphere that we could gaze upon its splendor without being blinded. As we gazed the sun grew deeper and yet more deeply golden—depth beyond depth revealing to the entranced eye distances still more mysterious and ever farther reaching—illimitable and endless as eternity and too sublime in their suggestion. A thrill of the nerves, neither joy nor pain, but something of both brought me back to earth. I passed my hand over my eyes.

My new friend in whom was the clairvoyant intuition looked at me and smiled.

"You are young," she said, "the circumstances of life have not yet impelled you to unleash the brave soul, 'to farther, farther, farther sail.'"

We clasped hands. "Good-bye," she said, "come and see me again."

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair."

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen someone find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We are publishing herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matter of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of any number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters. —EDITORS.

Success Letter No. 152.

He who does all that he can, at all times that he can, on all planes of nature, be they spiritual, mental or physical, has tasted of one of the initial things that make for success, for he has tasted of duty. Things that make for success are like all things of nature, they work slowly. Failures are as transient as all errors. Success will come to all who work and await results. Success and failure both peep into our lives and justly so. If no failure came how could we recognize success? Failure is one of the things that make for success because it teaches us more careful selection and discrimination. If we all could but remember that it is not always the immediate success that is best for us, but the immediate experience which makes for ultimate success that counts. Those experiences which round out the man on all planes are things that bring attainment.

To be successful on the physical plane in any one thing, say finances, may mean failure on the mental or moral plane. So we must choose those things that make for all in the man. Then to touch on the things which make for success in the real sense, it must not be for any especial one, neither for you nor for me. If we seek for success for ourselves we are narrow in our selfish perception of a successful goal. It is only he who non-personally seeks to make successful attainment for all kingdoms, who really reaps success ideally. For the things that make for success are the things that bring evolution to all the universe in its unfoldment. Prosperity, happiness, bliss and peace to all come when we help unfold that involved soul of all things into a quickness, permanent, upward and onward progression which is the successful freedom and attainment of all in all.—MRS. MAUDE B. PORTER, Toledo, Ohio.

Success Letter No. 153.

The tendency among writers of the Success Letters seems to be to define success as the obtaining of one's desires, or the accomplishment of one's aims and purposes. While this would probably be a very generally accepted definition, and, viewed in a certain light, is undoubtedly a true one, yet the word success holds a larger meaning than the mere achievement of personal ambition. Oftentimes the gratification of our personal desires, at the particular time we especially crave them, would interfere with the accomplishment of some larger purpose, some greater desire, which, unconsciously now perhaps to our little personal self, the true ego is striving to achieve. So the Evolving Spirit denies our temporary desire that it may gratify a perennial one. The grain of corn is a success only when it has grown into a new corn plant. Yet first it must meet death and burial, apparent defeat and ignominy, the giving up of the lesser that the greater may come forth. The highest success is achieved only through a surrendered will. Success works from within outward, and its growth in the individual varies as greatly as the plants in their habits. Some send up many quick-growing shoots, and others conserve all their life-energy into one straight, bare, unbending stalk until the time of full leafage. One person who is seemingly making but little progress through a long period of time may really be in the process of achieving a far greater success than some other whose energies are sprouting out everywhere in small personal successes. One needs a long-distance telescope to view success rightly. We are too apt to use a microscope instead. Also success should be measured by cubic measure, since it has four dimensions: The present welfare of the individual, his future welfare, the good of those near akin to him, and the good of mankind in general. Outside the small circle of personal achievement lies the

greater circle of universal good. Sometimes the relative good of the individual must be sacrificed to the absolute good of the race. Many new thought workers could, I think, testify to their own personal defeat (even the defeat of unselfish plans for the general good,) having resulted in far greater benefit than they could possibly foresee, to others as well as to themselves. Bunyan imprisoned, doubtless gave to the world what he would never have given otherwise, his widely-read Pilgrim Progress.

Viewing success, then, in this broad light, one of the chief requirements for its accomplishment, next to a steady purpose, is that larger faith that sees and seeks the ultimate good in all things, and believes with the poet, that,

"Somehow good will be the final goal of ill.
And every winter change to spring."—OLIVIA, East Hardwick, Vt.

Success Letter No. 154.

He who has learned to give perfect service has attained to the highest success. God serves us in all his works—the supreme and perfect Servant. Jesus directs us to be perfect, even as the Father is perfect; to do this one must do perfectly every piece of work, however small,—give perfect service. And perfect service is a loving desire to serve,—to shine on our fellow creatures as the sun shines, freely, and without thought of return. This seems to me to be true success, because it is manifesting the attributes of God, or Nature.—MRS. ROSALIE TASKETT, Fruitvale, Cal.

Success Letter No. 155.

Every one does attain a certain amount of success in this life, but I fear with the larger number, if their successes were measured in the same scale with their failures, that the latter would far overbalance. Man is made after the likeness of God, is a free moral agent, and has everything on earth at his disposal. The great trouble with most of us is, we become cramped in between a few petty ideas and notions and do not allow ourselves to expand. In other words man does not know his own ability and sets his ideals far too low. Let us broaden our ideas, place our ideal up where it belongs and without fear of placing it too high. Then decide within yourself, and decide firmly, that with the help of God and the powers vested in you, you will attain this ideal. With confidence in yourself and confidence in God you will succeed.—MANLEY GENTHNER, Havana, Cuba.

Success Letter No. 156.

However good the work one may do in uncongenial surroundings, he could do more and better things if harmoniously, and, therefore, happily, situated. "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers," is not only a foreboding of marriage for people of unlike religious beliefs, but it must be remembered in all our social and business life as well. If we form a close friendship with one who cannot understand our ideals of life, one who would not prize the attainments for which we are striving, the time spent with such an one is a step backward in our journey of life, or perhaps it is a step in another direction, and one can never reach any goal except by continuous effort. If you form a business relationship with those who have not your ideals of honesty and industry then full success must not be expected, for in conforming to their views you weaken and warp yourself. In trying to combat these same views, as they develop into acts, strength and time are used which should be given to better efforts. Then one gets not only a share of the profits from such an association but also a share of the atmosphere created by this combination of forces. If one lives with a doubting Thomas this person will absorb some portion of their faith, the faith which should have crystalized into strength and action. This fear incubator always at hand, its brood of negative chicks, worry, irresolution, depression and lack of self-confidence must be fed from your storehouse of faith and courage. The influence of our associates may either act as streams which contribute to our river of life or they may be as irrigating ditches which draw from the stream, lowering it and weakening the strength of the current. Inharmony, either mental of physical, impresses the mind and shows in face, form and action. Contemplation of the beautiful makes one beautiful, but contemplation of the opposite, although it be disapprovingly, destroys our natural beauties.—L. EVANS, Spokane, Wash.

Hurrah! Twelve votes for Letter No. 148 last month and only one for any of the other letters. Kie Kamara justly deserves the prize for his interesting record of personal achievement. It is the practical letters we are after. Will Kie Kamara tell us what to do with the two yearly subscriptions to *Nautilus* to which he is entitled?



"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-problems and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all! —ELIZABETH TOWNE.

W. R. K.—You quote from Paul—"He that giveth his daughter in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better" and "I would that all men were as I." I suppose Paul meant just what he said. That was his opinion. But what of it? Is his opinion better for you than *your* opinion? Hardly! Use your gumption and ask the spirit to teach *you* what is best for you *here and now.* Paul's opinion was all right for him at that time, under those conditions. If he had lived *fully* enough he would have thought further than he did. Remember that Paul says too, *"All things are lawful but all things are not expedient"* at any given point in experience. That is, it is lawful (or right) *and* expedient for any man to marry when the spirit moves him and the right woman appears, but if he felt as Paul did, or if the woman said no, marriage would not be "expedient." To be expedient a thing must expedite or help along the realization of one's high purposes. Paul's high purpose lay in the new church and he knew a wife and family would handicap him, as it would not handicap a strongly poised man. By nature Paul's brain sucked his body dry of energy, so it was easy for him to devote himself to religion. Naturally he thought himself very wise and lofty in his ideals and purposes and wished others were like him. In truth he merely followed his own instincts for brain and spirit living. And the Catholic church has always tried to cut down all its clergy by Paul's pinched and top-heavy pattern—to the detriment of many. What Paul probably took for great spirituality on his part was mere physical weakness and extra brain activity. If he had been like rugged, impulsive Peter he would have transposed that saying a bit, or added, "All depends on the nature of the girl and the man." Remember that all inspired ideas are colored by the quality of the medium through which they come. Only the perfectly balanced being, perfect in body and in mind, can transmit inspiration in its purity. And only the equally balanced and perfect being can see it in its purity after it *is* transmitted! So what's the use going for opinions to Paul or anybody else but *your soul?*

B. C.—I should judge from the tone of your letter that the cause of the failures you mention all lies in the fact that you *do not pull with your husband.* This may not be *all* the cause of it, but at least it is one great cause. And you can change it. I should say from what you tell me that the thing to do is to stay where you are, and put your heart and soul into working and thinking with him. As long as your heart and soul keep tagging back to the old place you are divided against yourself and your husband's work and him. Do not allow your thoughts to dwell on the old place and conditions, nor upon the old friends. Make up your mind that that is done with *for good* and for all time. Then get interested in the work you have to do and in treating your husband for success.

As long as you keep *watching* to see whether your ventures *are going* to be successful or not you are only half with your work. Go in to win, and stick to it. Admit nothing but success. Affirm it, *affirm it.* And *know that everything works together for good, for the realization of what you desire.* The thing that looks like failure today will show success another day. Remember that, and keep sweet and affirm.

And quit imagining that your neighbor is "doing" you! He probably thinks *you* are trying to do him. Affirm harmony and good will in all ways. That doesn't mean that you have to let him rob you, but it does mean that you must give him credit for the best of intentions.

You have been affirming success, and breathing it, but you have only been doing it with your intellect, and you have not been trying to *feel* it too. You have been cherishing your feelings away off in that other town. Call them in! Put your feelings to work right where you are, on the work you have to do. Health, happiness and success are with you wherever you are, and they're waiting for you to work them out with contentment and joy. Make new friendships and let the old ones lapse. It will be better for you as well as for your husband. You are like a plant which has been transplanted into a new and better pot of

earth, and it will all do you good, if you will only *let* it. Of course if you keep letting your thoughts fly out to that old place, you won't get much good out of the new earth!

Never mind the "nervous suffering!" Just go get interested in some good work. The best cure for any kind of suffering is to do something to help somebody—do some good *active* work. As long as you sit and mope you will suffer. You can easily prove that. As soon as you get interested in some good work, the suffering disappears.

Of course you will have to keep at this until you form the habit of not caring for the old place, but enjoying the new one, and the new work. *Stick to it.*

Get rid of the idea that you "belong back there!" You belong where you have put yourself, and you can fit the place and get greater good out of it than you can get out of the old place. And you can *do* greater good. Now make up your mind, and then don't let anything side-track you, feelings or no feelings.

Why not take up massage, or something like that? This would give you an outlet for your energies and help you to make your new home a joy to yourself and others. If you waited before taking up this work until you were absolutely perfect yourself, you would never do anything at all! And we learn things by doing them. We also learn the *truth* by doing the best that we know. Help others and you will find yourself being helped!

And don't pride yourself on your "agony untold"! The only agony comes from putting one's self cross-wise with the loving law of the universe. Agony is a thing to be ashamed of, not to pride one's self upon! Dismiss it from your thoughts as soon as possible. Make light of it!

S. A.—If I were in your place I would let her go back to the asylum and remain there. It is always dangerous to have such a person at large, and at the asylum they have the right facilities for watching over her. It is too risky for her to be at large, and it is too big a burden for you to watch her as she should be watched. Better send her right back and then give her new thought treatments while she is there and let her recover if she can. There is no limit to what you can do with the thought, but there is no need whatever of running such risks while you are treating her. She can get your thought just as well if she is in the asylum and you at home. Of course this is merely one person's *opinion*. It may be everything will come out all right, and of course you must be the judge. But if I were in your place I would send her back and treat her afterwards. Of course the happier and more positive you can be mentally the better you will be able to help your sister. *Make light of things.* Know that all things work together for good to you and to her. Find the joy of living, and you will help her to find it.

M. A. M.—You are on the right track. Keep on and success is with you if the girl really wants to get up. She can! Here's health, happiness and success to you all.

Circle of Whole-World Healing

Conducted by THE EDITORS.

Would you be at peace? Speak peace to the world. Would you be healed? Speak health to the world. Would you be loved? Speak love to the world. Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his high desire except all the world share with him.

And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—

Including yourself.

Will you join all the readers and the editors of *The Nautilus* in daily periods of Whole-World Healing? No memberships, fees or special duties, no joining of anything but a spiritual movement. The entire visible sign and direction of this Circle of Healing appears in this column, in each number of *The Nautilus*. You join the Circle in thought only; no letters, fees, etc., are connected with it. You are free to secede when and how you choose.

No duties are attached and only one privilege: That of holding your own version of the thought expressed herewith, sending it out to all the world each night before you sleep, and as many times during the day as you think of it.

Each number of *The Nautilus* will carry in this column the thought to be used daily until the next number appears.

The emolument of membership in this Circle is *The Cosmic Consciousness,*

Which includes Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every Creature.—THE EDITORS.

* * *

Key Thought for Daily Meditation

Peace, power, harmony, health flow in to me from the silence. : : :



Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that Show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

Divorce will be made more easy in France through the operation of a law, just enacted by the assembly, which provides that a decree of separation shall be automatically converted into a divorce at the end of three years, upon the request of either party to the separation.—*The Youth's Companion.*

"They say" that in Harlem the Young Men's Christian Association of that place has opened a training club for young men who may, or ought, to become husbands. It is felt that many young men who are well enough in themselves fall short of what may very reasonably be required of them as married men. The great qualifications insisted upon are that the young man should have a just idea of the proper expenses of supporting a household, of what he and his wife may justly spend apiece and how much he ought and must lay up for a rainy day. If he cannot square to these requirements, he cannot be considered a proper subject for matrimony. It is for the necessary training in these all-important details that he is asked to join the Benedict club. It is also required that he should know something of the mysteries of plumbing, so that he may form an estimate of what the bill should be; also have a smattering of electricity to be applied to his light expenses; that even if he can't remedy the matter if he live in an apartment house, he can, at least, he sure whether or not he and his are inhaling more sewer gas than is good for them, and hale up his landlord. These, and other desirable bits of learning, he must master while a member of this club.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Cambridge (Mass.) mothers have won their fight for kindergartens. The school board received a report favoring their abandonment a month ago. Then the mothers rose up and fought for their retention, and got it. President Eliot lent his aid to the mothers.—*Holyoke Transcript.*

Out in St. Louis they propose to establish prosperity in their own way. June 1, everybody is going to observe employment day by taking back employes and setting the wheels going. It is like Napoleon's definition of success. The way to have prosperity is to prosper.—*Holyoke Transcript.*

Little Visits

A Cosy Corner Department where everybody chats and the Recording Angel puts down what she can find room for.

An M. D.'s View of Reincarnation:—

I have been perusing with much interest the article in the August *Nautilus* entitled "Reincarnation and the Summerland," which has started a train of thought.

The idea of reincarnation seems to affect nearly everyone, at the first, about the same. It repels one, perhaps from the fact that we bring it down so close to this material plane of life, in which we "grovel here below," until it seems an eternal grind at the same old mill, the trough feeding back into the hopper over and over again. Perhaps it is so in a measure, for I believe that the inventive genius of the millwright has not yet produced a machine that will grind the wheat and bolt it at the same time. The process must be repeated, in perhaps a slightly different form,—and then what? There remains the greater work, the working up of the flour into dough, and its treatment by *fire,* and then follows the greatest work; the eating, digesting, and final assimilation into the tissues of the body.

We get accustomed to these processes in material life, and patiently tolerate—if not enjoy—the seeding and harvest, "the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear," the threshing, the winnowing, the milling, the mixing, the baking, and really follow each process with increased pleasure until the delight culminates in the eating. Nothing in this succession of orderly proceeding troubles or annoys us, unless indeed drought or flood interfere with the process, for the reason that we understand the law governing it all, at least the material side of it.

Now is not this sequence of material operation, which seems a necessity in the building up of human bodies, equally a necessity in the development of the human soul? Does not the same law govern the spiritual life, from its commencement to its consummation? Is there not the same process of sowing and reaping going on in the unconscious plane of the life? (Or does the assertion of Paul, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," refer only to the products of the country farm?) If so, then the operation of Karmic law—the law of cause and effect—flows in a channel parallel to that of the visible world of matter. "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly to be seen, being made manifest through the things that are made." In fact, so absolute is this correspondence between the visible and invisible things of this universe that there is not an atom of matter, nor a vibration in this world of sense that does not own its invisible counterpart in the realm of spirit,—aye, derives

its existence and meaning from that counterpart. "Having eyes, see we not?"

And now comes that weird question regarding infant murder, and that companion question in regard to hastening the end when a disease has become hopeless and there is only intense suffering until the end. The first question does not take the definite form of the last, for one cannot say whether an infant is born to a life of happiness or misery. The last one reveals a palpable, unmistakable fact. It is a question that confronts the physician daily, but I have never yet been able to get an opinion from any brother practician, as to the right or wrong of shortening the duration of pain. But, after all, what means the putting a patient in the last stages of cancer or locomotor ataxia under the full influence of morphia? I mean by those physicians—and they are the large majority—who cannot induce the magnetic sleep, or close the connection of the mental wise that tells the mind that the body is in pain.

And here one finds himself forced to search over into the realm of the supernatural for the solution. And I do not fancy the word *supernatural*, for I am not of those who limit nature to what little we know of her laws by the manifestations that reveal themselves simply to the bodily senses. There must be something lying in the plane of necessity that is working itself out through the medium of the physical.

"Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow."

There is a tremendous power in that word "*must.*" Its invincible authority was acknowledged by the Master Himself, when Peter cut off the ear of Malchus, in his vain attempt to defend his Master, "How then should the Scriptures be fulfilled that thus it *must be?*" And in this light I may perhaps see that certain courses of previous lives, certain acts of some former existence, can only work themselves out through material suffering in this present life, and to cut short this life at its inception does not interfere with the inevitable train of consequences, the seeds of which were sown in some forgotten existence. That "we have no recollection of the former things" has nothing to do with forces that are working in that plane of which we are unconscious, and which many of us ignore or deny, for "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

There is one thought perhaps that may give us pause in cases of hopeless disease complicated with intense suffering and that is, Who can assume to know when the supreme moment comes for one's release? If this life is a school—and who doubts that it is?—there must also exist the school conditions. For most of the scholars the school has closed, and their shouts of joy at their release penetrate to the schoolroom where one, who through idleness or inattention has failed to accomplish his task, still works over the last part of the last problem. He longs to be free, but the pedagogue holds him to his work. Suppose someone, through mistaken pity, comes in from the playground and passing a sponge over the slate, helps him out of the window when the Master is not looking. Does he do the delinquent pupil a kindness? Wait until the session the next morning when the runaway has to go all over that problem again, perhaps under the stimulus of the rattan, and then answer.

Someone might ask here, Why do you try to interfere with the course of disease? Why not let it run its own way? Because first, I cannot tell how far it may be necessary for that disease to run in order to accomplish the purpose of the power that permitted it to develop. I cannot tell but what I am chosen by the same power to check it when it has accomplished its purpose. Read Ecclesiasticus Chapter XXXVIII, verses 1 to 15. (But do not mistake this for *Ecclesiates.* The book of Ecclesiasticus is the seventh book of the "Apocrapha.")

And further, every attempt to alleviate suffering circumscribes the sphere of universal suffering, whether the attempt succeeds as to its special object or not. And done in the true spirit it adds to "the works that do follow one," into the next incarnation. The surplusage of good that a man may acquire in this life may not manifest itself in this one, but will tell on the character which he brings into the next incarnation.

After all, I do not find myself laboring under a very heavy dread of taking up the studies of this term on a more advanced plane in the next term. And more than once of late I have found myself—a man of seventy years of age—wishing that I could re-enter the first grade of the grammar school, and work through several terms as though I had never been through the course. It seems to me that the light of experience which has come to me in these accumulated years might reveal much that escaped any observation when I went over the road before. Something of this idea connects itself with my thought of reincarnation, in which the experiences of the previous life shed light on this, although I may be unconscious of the source of that light. —G. R. P.

The No-Breakfast Plan:—

November *Nautilus* is here, and I will say it is "The best ever." Just keep right on as you have in the past, and make it more and more Elizabeth and there will be none like it to be had. But *please,* oh, *please* do advocate "No Breakfast Plan" more. You will remember that on last December you published a letter from this hermit. We received owing to that letter eighty-four appeals for help. All dear women except five. Three-fourths of these suffering women would never had an occasion for that appeal if they had heeded your advice and dispensed with the morning meal! If all of the *Nautilus* readers would use the science of the "No-Breakfast Plan" the *Nautilus* family would be well, perfectly well.—Elwin Haworth, Matia Island, Wash.

To the Widowed Mother in Los Angeles:—

Did you ever stop to think that each moment of "anxiety" was generating a force that was pulling your son in the opposite direction from that which you want him to go?

Did you ever stop to think that every seeming cause for anxiety was really one peg—impediment— *less* instead of more toward his development?

Every experience is good. He will ultimately get through and turn his *desires* to higher things and better achievements. All experience marks our development in the *Eternal Now.*

During quiet hours, especially while your son is in the so-called "asleep" state, enter into the silence. See yourself enveloped in white spiritual light, then carry this light to him, without moving from your seat of course, waiting patiently, until you can cover him in thought, really in imagination, with this white light, then speak gently, silently, the things most desirable for his good. Thus: "May your soul be illumined with divine love, wisdom, goodness and truth," or, "You are growing tired of temporary indulgences, you wish to know more of those things which are eternal," or, "Wake up! dear boy and know you are divine. May the thoughts of your heart be illumined with the inspiration of Divine Love."

There will be times when it will be hard to "reach" him; but, never let waver your trust in the highest.

Minister unto him during moments when you think you have cause for anxiety just as patiently and serenely and tenderly as when all is running smoothly. A great blessing is sure to follow, sooner or later, every time you really succeed in surrounding him with light and speaking through love.—ANOTHER BOY'S MOTHER.

How He Was Cured of Asthma:—

I read with interest Jane Munnah's letter in October *Nautilus.* Twenty-five years ago I had asthma. Coughing and choking spells would last two hours at a time. Answering an advertisement after some time I procured an apparatus for breathing prepared oxygen. It did no good except that it caused me to think. I said, why not breathe the pure oxygen from the air? When I would commence exercising I would stand erect with arms at my sides hanging. I would inhale through the nose, raising my arms until the backs of my hands touched above my head, then exhale through the mouth, pressing the air against the bronchial organs, lowering my arms to my sides. Three of these exercises is enough to begin on. They also act as a body straightener. I had a hollow chest which it filled out. After six months or more I began to see good results from my daily practice and after about three years was entirely cured. During these coughing spells when I began to raise phlegm I would get easier and go to sleep. This exercise helped loosen the phlegm much sooner than the coughing did alone. At that time there was nothing in papers or magazines on this subject

(*Continued on page 54.*)

New Life

Found In Change to Right Food.

After one suffers from acid dypsepsia, sour stomach, for months and then finds the remedy is in getting the right kind of food, it is something to speak out about.

A New York lady and her young son had such an experience and she wants others to know how to get relief. She writes:

"For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate.

"After suffering in this way for so long I decided to consult a specialist in stomach disease. Instead of prescribing drugs he put us both on Grape-Nuts and we began to improve immediately.

"It was the key to a new life. I found we had been eating too much heavy food which we could not digest. In a few weeks after commencing Grape-Nuts, I was able to do my housework. I wake in the morning with a clear head and feel rested and have no sour stomach. My boy sleeps well and wakes with a laugh.

"We have regained our lost weight and continue to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meals. We are well and happy and owe it to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The only man who fails is the one who never asks why.

—Purinton.

Clever Wife

Knew How to Keep Peace in Family.

It is quite significant, the number of persons who get well of alarming heart trouble when they let up on coffee and use Postum as the beverage at meals.

There is nothing surprising about it, however, because the harmful alkaloid in coffee — caffeine — is not present in Postum, which is made of clean, hard wheat.

"Two years ago I was having so much trouble with my heart," writes a lady in Washington, "that at times I felt quite alarmed. My husband took me to a specialist to have my heart examined.

"The doctor said he could find no organic trouble but said my heart was irritable from some food I had been accustomed to eat, and asked me to try and remember what disagreed with me.

"I remembered that coffee always soured on my stomach and caused me trouble from palpitation of the heart. So I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I have had no further trouble since.

"A neighbor of ours, an old man, was so irritable from drinking coffee that his wife wanted him to drink Postum. N This made him very angry, but his wife secured some Postum and made it carefully according to directions.

"He drank the Postum and did not know the difference, and is still using it to his lasting benefit. He tells his wife that the coffee is better than it used to be, so she smiles with him and keeps peace in the family by serving Postum instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

(*Continued from page 53.*)

of breathing. I think that binding the mouth so one cannot exhale through it is a mistake. Of course we all know we should not inhale through it. Hold the breath as long as you can easily. This exercise will almost invariably throw off a cold if one begins it as soon as cold is taken.—J. D. KINNEAR, Arizona.

Woman, The Prophetess:—

Your postal card came to hand yesterday. It takes considerable courage to publish your paper, and the selection of manuscript often gives you cold chills. Well, you need not be afraid of hurting my feelings. I might accidentally hurt yours but it is almost impossible now to hurt mine. I have looked over Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and know what the world is like.

Revelations have always been made through man,—Brahma, Buddha, Christ, John the Baptist, and many others each in turn suffered the penalty of misinterpreted sin. Revelations are not over. They are being constantly made and more to follow. A slight change will be noticeable as history unfolds itself. Woman with her superior intuitive or subjective mind, is now and will in the future make revelations heretofore dim and obscure. She will make the way so plain and true as to be comprehended and understood by humanity. Mrs. Eddy, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Elizabeth Towne, are heralds of the situation to come. Watch woman! She and she alone can save the situation. She can make plain to humanity as she does to her children that the way is open to all and she can and will point the way.—LOUIS ULRICH, San Antonio, Texas.

When You Can't Own a House:—

I can't help writing you about my tent life since our house burned down. It has brought us better luck. We have rented a place and the owner moved a five room house on the place and men are repairing it and we will soon move in. Tent life has greatly improved my health. Have gained twelve pounds and feel fine. We are in a big cotton wood grove. Birds sing all day and red squirrels are plenty and very tame. Can look out of tent door and see three and four squirrels at a time chasing each other. Had several big rains but did not get wet. Seemed strange to lie in bed and a big shower pass over and only a piece of cloth between your face and the rain. One storm lasted three days and nights. We have the best appetites and are cheerful. Now we shall have a nicer home, a new well and windmill, new large barn that holds twelve horses, all other buildings new. But I like the old tent and had rather sleep in it! —MRS. L. BROWN, Bethany, Neb.

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—Lyman Abbott.

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IV. Dynamic Mentation in Animal Life.
V. Dynamic Mentation in Human Life.
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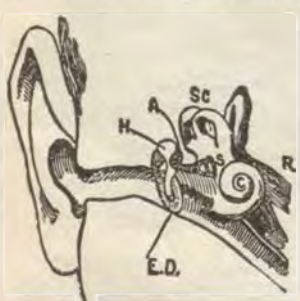
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(*Continued on page 62.*)

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Chapter III.—Why Man Looks Old Though Nature Gives Him A New Body Every Year.
Chapter IV.—Growing Old Is A Race Habit T at Can Be Removed.
Chapter V.—Eliminate The Consciousness Of Age By Living In The Great Eternal Now.
Chapter VI.—Training The Subconscio s To Produce Perpetually The Elements of Youth.
Chapter VII.—Conscious Harmony With The Law of Perpetual Renewal.
Chapter VIII.—Why Experience Produces Age When Its Real Purpose Is To Perpetuate Youth.
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Chapter X.—Mental States That Produce Conditions Of Age, And How To Remove Them.
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Chapter XII.—Live For The Perpose Of Advancement Attainment, and Achievement.
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Chapter XVI.—The Ideal, The Beautiful, The Worthy And The Great Should Be The Constant Companions Of The Soul.
Chapter XVII.—To Love Always Is To Be Young Always.
Chapter XVIII.—How To Live A Life That Will Perpetuate Youth.
Chapter XIX.—Regularity In All Things, Moderation In All Things.
Chapter XX.—The Rejuvenating Power Of Sleep When Properly Slept.
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Prize Puzzle Contest

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K was found in "ad." of .....
N was found in "ad." of .....
O was found in "ad." of .....

And so forth. You understand that these letters will all be *extra* ones—letters that would not properly be in the advertisements.

For your skill in solving this puzzle and for the neatness and general care shown in your answer we offer the following prizes:

First Prize.—Two dollars in cash.

Second prize.—One copy of "Psychcoma," by Helen Rhodes.

Third prize.—One dollars worth of merchandise selected from some one advertisement in this issue.

Fourth Prize.—One year's subscription to *Nautilus*.

Sixth to tenth prizes.—Each a set of *Nautilus* motto cards.

Answers to this puzzle must be addressed to Puzzle Editor, The *Nautilus*, Holyoke, Mass. Do *not* enclose anything for any other department. Answers to puzzles must be mailed to us between the dates of December 1 and December 25 inclusive. No answers mailed before or after these dates will be considered.

Now this is an extremely simple puzzle, only requiring a careful reading of the advertising pages.

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(*Continued on page 64.*)

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(*Continued on page 68.*)

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* * *

"Somewhere in the world my one white hour awaits me."

* * *

"God, let me be superior or inferior, but only let me not be mediocre!"

* * *

"Yet when I fail to call forth the God-spark in one other, why should I believe it is lacking therein, rather than that mine own burns not purely, not clearly enough to attract like to like?"



Reduced facsimile (except for colors) of sample page of The Book of My Heart.

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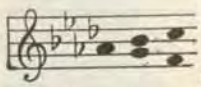
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MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT



"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

HOPE AND HELP!

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